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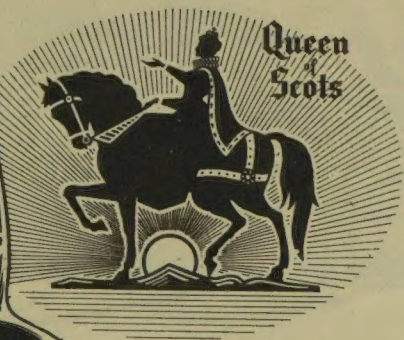
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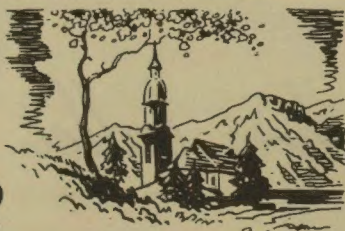
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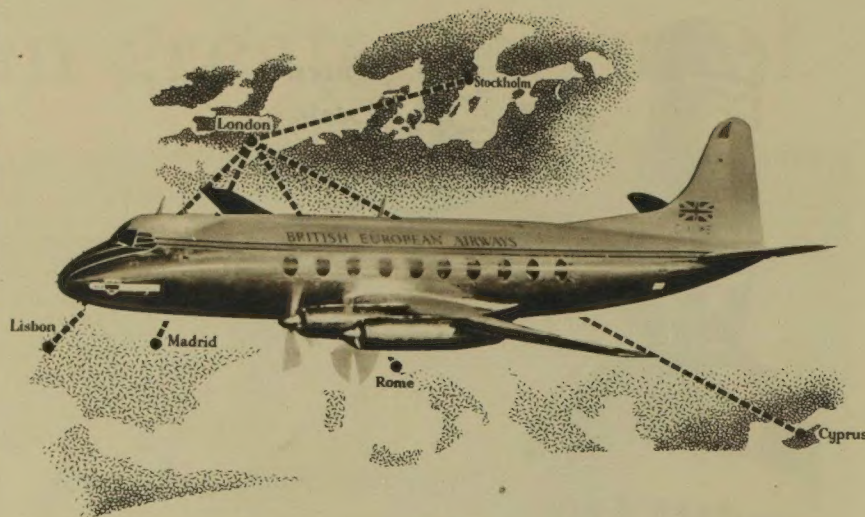
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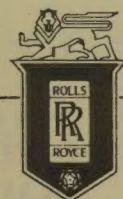
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1954.



SCHOLAR, SOLDIER, POLITICIAN, DIPLOMAT AND BRILLIANT WRITER: LORD NORWICH, WHO DIED SUDDENLY AT SEA ON JANUARY 1—WITH LADY NORWICH AT THEIR SON'S WEDDING IN AUGUST 1952.

On January 1, while on his way by sea to Jamaica for holiday, Lord Norwich, formerly Sir Duff Cooper, died suddenly in the French liner *Colombie*. His body was put ashore at Vigo and later flown to England for the funeral at Belvoir. His wife, who before her marriage was Lady Diana Manners, daughter of the eighth Duke of Rutland, and one of the most beautiful women of her generation, was present with him at his death and accompanied his remains back to England. He was born in 1890, educated at Eton and New College, Oxford; and had a brilliant career in politics, diplomacy and literature, and was well known for the vigour and integrity of his opinions. His autobiography, "Old Men Forget," was published in November last. It is full of his lively enjoyment of life and contains these words: "Life has

been good to me and I am grateful. . . . I love the sunlight, but I can not fear the coming of the dark." The Duke of Windsor, speaking of the shock of the news, said: "Duff Cooper, as he was known to his contemporaries and associates, was a man of many accomplishments, a brilliant scholar, valiant soldier, able politician, skilled diplomatist and above all a brilliant writer whose works . . . will be treasured with his memory. . . . To his wife Diana, his lifelong companion, and his son John Julius goes our loving sympathy and thought at this sad time." In 1945-47 he was British Ambassador in Paris, and his death is much mourned in France, where he had lately made his home. He was raised to the peerage in 1952 and is succeeded in the title of Viscount Norwich by his only son.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE death in action on Christmas Eve at the age of thirty-seven of the second Earl Wavell is a tragic illustration of the reward so often meted out in this harsh world to those who, without thought of self, do their duty. Lord Wavell, whose late father was the supreme example in our time of a man in a high place who always and under every circumstance did to the utmost of his ability his duty, must have sought deliberately and in the teeth, one would imagine, of considerable opposition, the service of danger and hardship in which, while others were celebrating Christmas in their peaceful homes, he met his death. He was wounded in Palestine before the war, and during it, serving with the Chindit expedition—perhaps the most romantic and heroic military enterprise of the whole war—won the Military Cross and lost a hand in Burma. Then when the war ended, he threw himself, with the gentle yet fiery enthusiasm and idealism which, with his courage, were his distinguishing traits, into the work of Army education. Though no one meeting him casually would have realised it—for he was the most modest of men—he was one of the greatest teachers of his generation, evoking from those he taught and led that full and balanced exercise of the physical, intellectual and spiritual energies of man which was his own ideal. It was exquisitely fitting that one of those he taught and inspired should have taken a vital part in the expedition that conquered Everest. During the last years of his life he had been working, too, on the immense mass of his father's papers—a work of filial piety of immense importance for the future history of the Army and this country, and for which he had been rightly given a prolonged period of leave. Yet in his eyes the ultimate pinnacle of all service to England was self-sacrifice in the field of hardship and battle, and to that field, and the service of his own and his father's great Regiment, The Black Watch, he returned, despite his disablement, in his thirty-eighth year. He died, commanding his company, in a hard and bitter engagement with a Mau Mau gang who had just committed a horrible murder against one of their countrymen. Of such servants of self-denying duty are, and always have been, the Kingdom of Heaven.

With Lord Wavell's death in action the earldom given to reward and commemorate his father's great services to England—and no man in our time gave greater—is extinguished. Those services remain hereafter their own sole reward; so do those of Archibald John Wavell, the Field Marshal's only heir and son, now fallen and buried in Africa. Nor, I fancy, will the services rendered to his country by the first Earl Wavell be done true justice to for many years, and perhaps generations, to come. For those services too often ran counter to the interests, opinions and self-esteem of men more ready and in a better position to justify and magnify themselves than this great but self-effacing servant of the State. Someone—I think it must have been Lord Acton—once wrote that truth always prevailed in the end, but only when it had ceased to be anyone's interest to prevent it from doing so. It is no use repining at this; it is the way of the world, always has been and, presumably, always will be. "Such things," as Nelson used to say, "are." The only question that one need ask is whether service and sacrifice that are not rewarded or recognised are in the end wasted.

There is not a mother or wife who has lost son or husband in battle—and how many scores of thousands there are in England and every European land to-day!—who does not sometimes, and perhaps often, ask herself, in the secrecy of her heart and sorrow, that question. There are only two possible answers to it: Yes or No. The materialist's must be Yes. If the material measure of this world is the only answer, unrewarded sacrifice and service avail nothing. "Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is in that word, honour? What is that honour? air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism." No one understood the force and, within its limitation, the truth of Falstaff's words better than the two Lord Wavells, for a soldier is faced with its dreadful reality on every battlefield. War, and the sacrifice that war demands, is a foul material business: it is full of sickening acts and sights, sounds and stench, and it so often ends in the extinction of the bright flame of living we call human life. Yet no soldier who understands the ultimate reality of his calling believes that the matter ends there; it is only because he believes something beyond and transcending it that he is a soldier. The triumph of the spirit is its own reward; this, if one rightly considers it, is the only faith that makes our transitory and brief human life worth living. It was because in 1940 the people of this country knew that in the last resort this was so that Churchill's brave words about offering men blood, sweat and tears found so ready and universal a response. What is true in time of adversity and peril is equally true,

though it is forgotten, in times of peace and prosperity. Young Lord Wavell's death in action when we were merrymaking in our Christmas homes is a reminder of reality; of the transience of all material hope and existence, and of the validity and eternal permanence of man's triumph over himself. No one bound by the time and space measures of mortal life can estimate the full value or endurance of an act of the spirit; one can only perceive that it is something greater than the acts of this world and more enduring. It has a value quite independent of the latter and plainly deriving from some source outside it. And it invariably awakens in other men a perception of the existence of the spirit; it bears testimony, in other words, to the greatness and power of God. That is the meaning of all martyrdom and of all sainthood; it challenges and transcends the whole material existence in which we are bound, including the universal force of death itself. Those who have seen the self-sacrifice of their dear ones and are still bound to them in unchanging love know that that love

and that sacrifice are part of the same eternal order—an order not of this world that perishes with the body, but which continues after the body's inevitable extinction. "The noble army of martyrs praise Thee. . . O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify Him for ever!" It is with them that the last, and the only continuing, word in this world rests.



KILLED IN ACTION IN KENYA ON DECEMBER 24: MAJOR THE EARL WAVELL, ONLY SON OF THE LATE FIELD MARSHAL, TO WHOM DR. ARTHUR BRYANT PAYS TRIBUTE ON THIS PAGE.



THE FUNERAL OF EARL WAVELL IN NAIROBI ON DECEMBER 26: A PIPER PLAYING A LAMENT AS A BEARER-PARTY OF THE BLACK WATCH CARRIES THE COFFIN INTO THE CEMETERY.

Major the Earl Wavell, only son of the late Field Marshal Earl Wavell, was killed on Christmas Eve when security forces were engaged in attacking a gang of twenty Mau Mau terrorists in a wood near Thika, some 30 miles north of Nairobi. A Kenya police reserve district commandant, P. H. Dene, was shot in the stomach and died later, whilst the Assistant District Commandant, Colonel R. C. Samuels, and Assistant Police Inspector Pratt, were wounded. Like his father, Lord Wavell was educated at Winchester and, after leaving Sandhurst, entered his father's regiment, The Black Watch. From 1936 to 1939 he served in Palestine, and during World War II served with the Chindit expedition—"perhaps the most romantic and heroic military enterprise of the whole war"—won the Military Cross and lost a hand in Burma. After the war he interested himself in the work of Army education, and was later granted special leave to work on his father's papers with a view to compiling a biography of that distinguished soldier. He rejoined The Black Watch for a normal tour of service overseas a few months ago, and had been in Kenya only a short time when he was killed. He was unmarried and the title becomes extinct.





MAKING HER CHRISTMAS BROADCAST TO THE COMMONWEALTH: H.M. THE QUEEN SEATED BEFORE THE MICROPHONE IN GOVERNMENT HOUSE, AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.



AT AUCKLAND GENERAL HOSPITAL ON CHRISTMAS EVE: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DRIVING PAST PATIENTS BROUGHT FROM THE WARDS.

#### THE ROYAL TOUR: THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS BROADCAST; AND HER VISIT TO AUCKLAND GENERAL HOSPITAL.

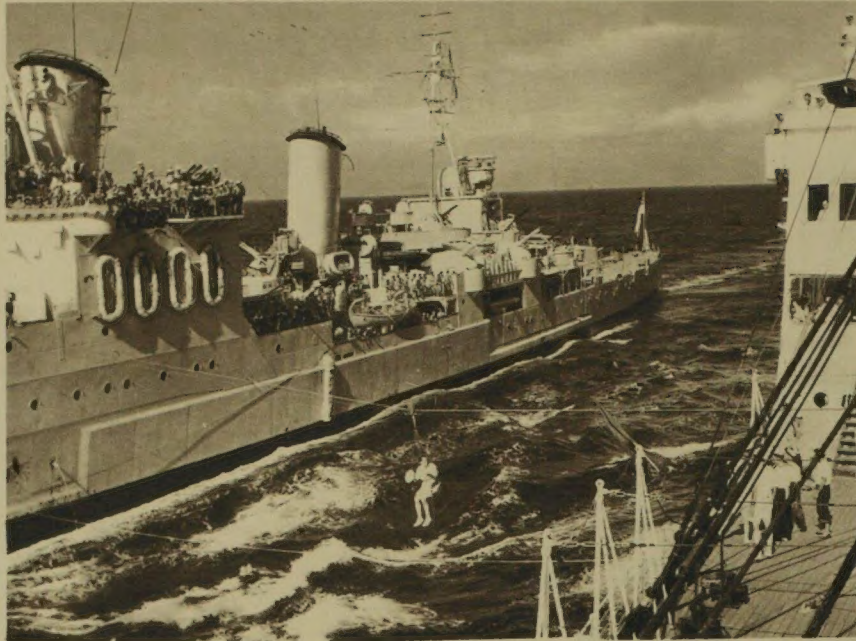
On Christmas Eve, the day after their arrival in New Zealand, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drove to Auckland's lovely park, called the Domain, for a rally of 16,000 schoolchildren. They also visited the Auckland General Hospital and drove down lines of cheering patients who had been brought from the wards. In the afternoon the Royal couple visited the naval base at Devonport, where her Majesty presented a new

Queen's colour. On Christmas Day, which was overshadowed by the tragic railway disaster, the Queen and the Duke attended morning service at the cathedral church of St. Mary. They spent the rest of the day quietly at Government House with Sir Willoughby and Lady Norrie and their family. In the evening the Queen made her traditional Christmas Day broadcast to the Commonwealth from a sitting-room in Government House.





THE QUEEN GREETING HER NEW ZEALAND CRUISER *Black Prince*: HER MAJESTY WATCHING THE VESSEL TAKING OVER ESCORT DUTY FROM H.M.S. *Sheffield* IN THE PACIFIC ON DECEMBER 11.



TRANSFERRED BY BOATSWAIN'S CHAIR LINE FROM *SHEFFIELD* TO ASSIST IN AN APPENDICITIS OPERATION ON BOARD THE *GOthic*: SURGEON LIEUT.-COMMANDER A. P. M. NICOL.

THE Queen has made films of various scenes and events during her tour. On December 11 she and the Duke of Edinburgh stood on the saluting platform above the bridge of the *Gothic* and watched a ceremonial change of escort warships; and her Majesty filmed the operation by which the *Sheffield*, which had escorted the *Gothic* from Jamaica, handed over to the H.M.R.N.Z. cruiser *Black Prince*. On the previous day her Majesty had also made a film record of the transfer of the assistant medical officer, Surgeon Lieut.-Commander A. P. M. Nicol from *Sheffield* to the *Gothic* to assist when an emergency operation for appendicitis was performed on a member of *Gothic's* crew by Surgeon Commander D. Steel-Perkins, medical officer to the Queen. On Christmas Day

[Continued below.]



(RIGHT.) "FATHER CHRISTMAS" AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, AUCKLAND, ON SUNNY NEW ZEALAND CHRISTMAS DAY: THE QUEEN WATCHING THE PRESENTATION OF GIFTS TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S LITTLE DAUGHTERS.



WITH, IN THE BACKGROUND, HIS CARRIAGE DRAWN BY A SIX-IN-HAND OF DAPPLED PONIES: "FATHER CHRISTMAS" BEARING GIFTS FOR THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE.



OBVIOUSLY DELIGHTED WITH THE DOLL'S PERAMBULATOR AND LARGE TRAIN FOR THEIR CHILDREN, HANDED OVER BY "FATHER CHRISTMAS": THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE.

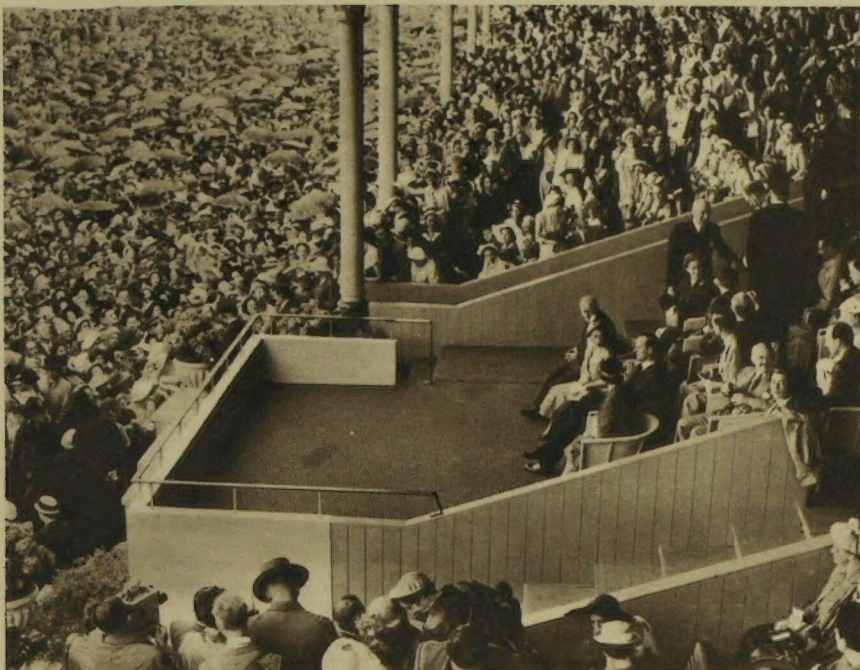
#### THE ROYAL TOUR: "FATHER CHRISTMAS'S" CALL; AND OTHER EVENTS OF WHICH HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN MADE FILM RECORDS.

[Continued.] her Majesty took a film of the surprise visit by "Father Christmas" to Government House, Auckland. He arrived in a carriage drawn by six dappled ponies, and presented gifts for the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne and

for members of the household, offered by the women of Auckland, who also presented the Queen with a diamond-studded brooch of fern-leaf design, the national emblem of New Zealand.



# THE ROYAL TOUR: A GREAT MAORI GREETING AND OTHER EVENTS.



AT ELLERSLIE FOR THE OPENING DAY OF THE AUCKLAND CLUB'S SUMMER RACE MEETING ON BOXING DAY: THE QUEEN SEATED WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THE ROYAL BOX.



AT THE NAVAL BASE AT DEVONPORT, N.Z.: THE QUEEN PRESENTING A NEW QUEEN'S COLOUR ON DEC. 24. HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE WERE RECEIVED BY COMMODORE MADDEN, R.N.



ROYAL SYMPATHY WITH THE RELATIVES OF VICTIMS OF THE TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT OF CHRISTMAS EVE: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH CONDOLING WITH RELATIVES AT THE MASS FUNERAL AT WELLINGTON ON DEC. 31. (Radio picture.)



SHOWING THE CEREMONIAL CLOAKS WORN BY OFFICIALS OVER THEIR WESTERN SUITS: HER MAJESTY AT WAITANGI WITH A MAORI CIVIC COUNCILLOR.



SYMBOLISING THE ONCE-VITAL QUESTION OF WHETHER THE ROYAL VISITORS CAME IN WAR OR PEACE: A MAORI CHALLENGER GREETING HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE AT WAITANGI.

The ceremonies at Waitangi, the sacred site of the 113-year-old treaty between Queen Victoria and the Maoris, arranged in honour of that Sovereign's great-great-granddaughter, Queen Elizabeth II., were highly picturesque. Maoris from many parts of the Northland assembled to hail her on December 28 as "Our Chief, our Lord, our Sovereign." They wore skirts of black and yellow grass and the chiefs were adorned with ceremonial feathers of the huia bird, and carried woven cloaks or cloaks of the sacred kiwi feathers. A Challenger met her Majesty to settle the once grave question of whether she came in peace or war, and threw ceremonial curved sticks on the ground. A more conventional



A CHARMING EPISODE AT WAITANGI: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN ACCEPTING A BOUQUET FROM A LITTLE MAORI GIRL, WHO IS WEARING NATIVE DRESS.

engagement occupied Boxing Day when the Queen and the Duke went to Ellerslie racecourse, and her Majesty presented the Auckland Cup (it is now to be known as the Royal Auckland Cup) to the winner. On the return from the racecourse she and the Duke paid a call of condolence on a family of survivors of the railway disaster; and on December 31 the Duke of Edinburgh went to Wellington for the mass funeral of the victims with Mr. Holland, the Prime Minister. On December 24 the Queen, accompanied by the Duke, who wore the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, went to Devonport naval base, where in an impressive ceremony her Majesty presented a new Queen's Colour.



## FROM ROME TO HONG KONG: ITEMS OLD AND NEW, FROM FAR AND NEAR.



THE EARLIEST DWELLING OF THE PALATINE HILL, ROME: THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED FLOOR, WITH POST-HOLES SCOOPED OUT OF THE TUFFA. DATING FROM THE EARLY IRON AGE.

Recent excavations on a previously unexplored site on the Palatine Hill by Professor Puglisi have revealed what is believed to be the floor of the earliest dwelling on the hill. The remains of the dwelling consist of a roughly elliptical floor scooped out of the soft tufa rock, with a number of post-holes sunk still further into the tufa. This floor measures 13 ft. by 10 ft. and there is a central post-hole near which the floor is blackened as though from use as a hearth. A drain had been scooped



A MODEL OF THE PALATINE HILL SITE, WITH A DWELLING RECONSTRUCTED TO FIT THE POST-HOLES.

out of the tufa all round the house. The model at the right shows how Professor Puglisi, who is seen examining it, believes the original house to have been constructed. The date of the dwelling is believed to be about ninth or eighth century B.C., and it is thought that the Palatine Hill, the traditional site of the house of Romulus, may have been the location of an ancient village; and the discovery throws an interesting light on pre-Latin Rome.



CHRISTMAS IN JERUSALEM: AN ISRAELI POLICEMAN CONDUCTING AN ARAB CHRISTIAN PILGRIM THROUGH THE BARRIERS OF THE MANDELBAUM GATE TO JORDANIAN JERUSALEM. This Christmas, by arrangements between the Jordan and Israel Governments, between 3000 and 4000 Christian Arab pilgrims, residents of Israel, were allowed to pass the frontier in Jerusalem into the Old City and to attend midnight Mass in the Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem. The Israeli Government set aside a Jordanian dinar (about £1) for each pilgrim.



THE LAST RUN: THE LAST TRAIN FOR PASSENGERS ON THE KENT AND EAST SUSSEX LIGHT RAILWAY FROM ROBERTSBRIDGE TO HEADCORN—WHICH IS BEING CLOSED. This line closed for passenger traffic (except for hop-pickers' "specials") on January 2, when a six-coach special for railway enthusiasts ran in the evening from Robertsbridge. Some of the passengers also travelled on an unofficial and smaller last train back from Headcorn later in the day. The line from Headcorn to Tenterden will be closed completely.



SOME OF THE RUINS IN THE SQUATTER AREA OF KOWLOON, HONG KONG, AFTER A DISASTROUS FIRE HAD MADE ABOUT 58,000 PEOPLE HOMELESS.

On Christmas Day a disastrous fire swept through the squatter area of Kowloon, on the mainland at Hong Kong. Although on December 27 it was announced that only three perished in the flames, the number of those rendered homeless was stated on January 1 to be about 58,000. This disaster



SOME OF THE HOMELESS AFTER THE KOWLOON FIRE DISASTER, GATHERED IN A PLAYGROUND FOR REGISTRATION AND TO RECEIVE RELIEF FOOD.

is considered locally the gravest of the post-war period. Relief funds have been formed, that of the *South China Morning Post* exceeding 300,000 dollars within three days. The British Government has given £200,000 towards rehousing the homeless, in fireproof houses on the same site.





AFTER INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR IN THE COURTYARD: H.E. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE SUDAN ENTERING THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT KHARTOUM.



SHOWING THE GALLERY CROWDED WITH DISTINGUISHED GUESTS: THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES WITH H.E. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL ADDRESSING MEMBERS OF BOTH HOUSES. THE SUDANESE SELF-GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENT INITIATED: SIR ROBERT HOWE OPENS THE FIRST KHARTOUM PARLIAMENT.

The first Sudanese Parliament was opened with stately ceremonial on Friday, January 1, 1954, at Khartoum. H.E. the Governor-General, Sir Robert Howe, accompanied by a mounted escort, arrived by car. He inspected a Guard of Honour and then entered the House of Representatives and welcomed the assembled members of both Houses. In his impressive speech Sir Robert Howe said that self-determination for the Sudan would be valueless unless conducted in an atmosphere of freedom and neutrality; and he stressed the great responsibility which Members were about to undertake. He then asked the

Senate and the House of Representatives to elect Speakers; and left, followed by the Guard of Honour. On January 3 it was announced that the Governor-General had refused to appoint Ibrahim el Mufti (who had been elected by a majority of fifty-four) as Speaker of the House of Representatives on the grounds that he was "partisan," a decision approved by the Governor-General's Commission by three votes to two. He agreed to appoint Ahmed Mohammed Yassin as Speaker to the Senate. Parliament arranged to meet on January 4 to hear the Governor-General's objection to Ibrahim el Mufti.



## A SECOND VOLUME OF MEMOIRS.

"MY POLITICAL LIFE." VOLUME TWO. "WAR AND PEACE, 1914-1929"; BY THE RT. HON. L. S. AMERY, C.H.

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MR. LEOPOLD AMERY is, by the book, eighty years of age. The Prime Minister, for that matter, is only one year short of that. They were at Harrow together, and presumably have often sung the famous School Song together. But "forty years on," to these two exuberant youths, indicates no sort of climax at all. "Fifty, and sixty and seventy years on" would suit them better. Sir Winston appears to be just making a start with getting the world "straightened out," uniting the wisdom derived from generations of experience with the zeal and dash of the young cavalryman which he once officially was; and Mr. Amery, whose liveliness suggests that he may still return to the House of Commons and to one of the offices which he has not yet held, is occupying his leisure with the production of an enormous political autobiography. This is the second volume: I know not how many more there may be to come. He is still a quarter of a century behind time. He writes (having apparently kept ample records of his documents and speeches) at great length; there must be nearly a quarter of a million words in this volume alone; there are tremendous years in front of him; and I hope he will be able to catch up.

He is seldom too verbose for me; though here and there I found that I could have spared some of the extracts of speeches on horses which, if not dead, have considerably changed in appearance. Younger readers (with the exception of professional historians, who will resolutely chew any old cud in the hope of a morsel of nourishment) may find some of his chapters as unappetising as those on Bimetallism or the Disestablishment of the Irish Church in works of a former generation. But those of us who remember the period with which he deals, and its controversies (which, as usual, seemed so immensely important at the time) will experience, even in the most secluded parts of his story, the pleasure one finds in revisiting scenes and recalling faces and voices, once familiar, and now clothed with enchantment because of their very remoteness. Parts of his narrative might even be said to resemble the pages of an old family album.



L. S. A., 1914-18.

During World War I, Mr. L. S. Amery served in Flanders and the Near East from 1914-16; in 1917 he became Assistant Secretary to the War Cabinet and the Imperial War Cabinet, and was later on the staff of the War Council, Versailles, and on the personal staff of the Secretary of State for War 1917-18.

to offer him not merely posts to fill, but jobs to do; energy, enthusiasm, conviction and a capacity of getting intensely interested in any problem which he thought ought to be solved, or it was his business to solve. Whether as scholar, soldier, journalist, historian, climber, traveller, controversialist or administrator, he has always gone "bald-headed" for his object, and he is still capable of waxing warm over the merits of some scheme, elsewhere forgotten, or the crimes of some political opponent, now outmoded. Pauses for reflection are rare with him; he is anything but introspective; his Imperial creed has been unshakably fixed; he has been, in fact, a political missionary. When he saw a chance of being useful, he served. But he generally had reservations (to be tucked away, of course, at times of crisis) about some of his colleagues. Perhaps they couldn't be counted on. Perhaps they were too hesitating, or procrastinating, or lacking in courage to tell the voters the truth. Perhaps they were shaky about defence, or about Foreign Policy; or they seemed to be inadequate sharers of his Imperial Vision; or, above all, they might be weak about, or hostile to, that network of protective duties, which, since the days of Joseph Chamberlain, he has believed to be essential to the integrity and prosperity of the Empire. Of all the people he has never been able to stand, the doctrinaire Free Trader is the worst. A Liberal Free Trader he regards as a sort of Victorian fossil; a Tory Free Trader is not much better than a snake in the grass. Mr. Churchill, when he returned to the Conservative fold as Chancellor of the Exchequer, was a particularly dangerous villain of the piece in this regard. Mr. Amery, who has never hesitated to give his leaders advice, wrote an enormous letter to Mr. Baldwin urging that the menace should be moved to a less dangerous office; the letter had no effect, and I wonder whether the Prime Minister (one of whose characteristics Mr. Amery describes as "evasive inertia") ever managed to get through it.

Mr. Amery has had his heroes: Milner was the chief of them, and he seems to have had an unmitigated admiration for Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, which, to say the least, was not shared by everybody. On the two outstanding war-leaders of his time he has a sustained passage of comparison and contrast. "It was a current jest," he says, "of those days that the country was governed by two men, Lloyd George and the last person he had been talking with. This readiness to glean information and take advice from any quarter was invaluable in helping him to break through hierarchical obscurantism in the departments, even if it was apt at times to engender friction and resentment. In his eagerness to get things done, in his absorption in the ideas and methods of the immediate occasion, and in his complete forgetfulness of what he had thought or said before, he often created an impression of clever unscrupulousness and intrigue which did not do justice to the underlying sincerity of his purpose. I never knew a man who lived so entirely by spontaneous reaction to his environment. Confronted by great events and fateful problems, dealing with statesmen at home and abroad, he rose to greatness as naturally as in his earlier rise to prominence he had been inspired to demagoguery by the emotions of eager crowds or as, in later years, he often declined to the factiousness of a petty party leader. He was not deliberately inconsistent or untruthful. But living entirely in response to the immediate stimulus, he had no clear memory either of past events or of his own former motives. I always felt that if Lloyd George had been confined in an empty white-washed room he would have just faded into thin air, like a similar character in one of Henry James's stories. . . ."

"I have often," adds Mr. Amery, "been asked how I would compare these two great men as war leaders. Both had supreme courage; Lloyd George in face of bad news, more swiftly resilient; Churchill more grimly imperturbable. Both, like Odysseus, full of device; the one snatching ideas from the

atmosphere of the moment; the other from a long accumulated store of thought on the problems of war. Both voiced, as no one else could, the unconquerable resolve of their fellow-countrymen; the one in the natural eloquence that responded to their own feelings; the other in a loftier diction that raised these feelings to the plane of history, as it will itself live in history. So far as the actual conduct of operations is concerned there can be little thought as to which was the greater. Churchill knew what war meant from the point of view of the squadron leader or battalion commander in action up to that of the supreme leadership in a great coalition. He had not only seen the First World War from every angle, but had been compelled to ponder its broader problems by writing of them, as he had also written of those that faced his great ancestor Marlborough. He had been the head of every one of the fighting services as well as of the Ministry of Munitions. He could both talk and understand the language of the services. He spoke to their chiefs with equal sympathy and authority."

"My Political Life" is Mr. Amery's title; but it is not to be supposed that he sticks severely to affairs in Whitehall and Westminster. His years as Colonial and Dominions Secretary took him all over the world and the catholicity of his interests is frequently reflected in excursions on anything from landscape to classical archaeology. An advantage to him when travelling was his talent for languages; he seems to have been ready to make speeches in Turkish and Arabic as well as in the more usual tongues. And his gift of rapidly mugging a language or a situation up is illustrated in one of his many amusing stories. He was sent as a Captain to Salonika. "I duly reported to my new chief, the Director of Intelligence, who



THE RT. HON. LEOPOLD STENNETT AMERY, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. L. S. Amery, C.H., was born in 1873 and was educated at Harrow and Balliol College, Oxford. In a very full life he has held many important political positions, including that of First Lord of the Admiralty (1922-24); Secretary of State for the Colonies (1924-29), and Secretary of State for India and Burma (1940-45). He has also written a large number of books and is now engaged on his political autobiography, the second volume of which is reviewed on this page.



THE NEW ADAM: OR, PARADISE RETAINED.

MR. AMERY (in the Garden of Iraq): "Personally, I see great possibilities in this site. I may have to quit later on, but I'm not going to move for this worm."

(From "Punch," October 14, 1925, and reproduced by Courtesy of that paper.) Illustrations from the book "My Political Life." Volume Two. "War and Peace, 1914-1929"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, Hutchinson.

But not quite: for here, at our shoulder, is the exuberant and combative Mr. Amery turning over the leaves, and lecturing about the portraits with a depth of feeling unabated by the passage of time.

The liveliness of his book derives from precisely those qualities which kept him for so long in the public eye and led a succession of Prime Ministers



LYDD GEORGE AND L. S. A. AT CRICCIETH, JULY 1918.

surveyed me unfavourably through his eyeglass, and explained that he had never asked for me, and was much too busy to have time to instruct a wretched amateur soldier in the rudiments of staff-work, still less in the intricacies of the Balkan situation. "However, you had better get to work and study this handbook, and if you can manage to master its contents you will know all there is to be known about this part of the world." With that he handed me a copy of the work which I had vamped together in such haste a year before! I thanked, saluted and withdrew"—and, comprehensibly, did not keep the episode to himself.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 66 of this issue.





WITH MT. RUAPEHU IN THE BACKGROUND: THE BROKEN RAILWAY BRIDGE; WRECKED COACHES; AND (FOREGROUND) AMBULANCES BY THE DESTROYED ROAD BRIDGE.



AS IT APPEARED WHEN IN ERUPTION IN 1946: MT. RUAPEHU (9175 FT.), SHOWING THE CRATER LAKE WHICH BURST AND CAUSED THE DISASTER OF DECEMBER 23.

#### THE CRATER LAKE OF MT. RUAPEHU WHICH BURST, AND THE DISASTER IT CAUSED AT TANGIWAI, NEW ZEALAND.

Nature's destructive power is tragically illustrated by the Christmas Eve railway disaster in New Zealand when the Wellington-Auckland express plunged to destruction following the collapse of the Tangiwai bridge over the Wangaehu River. In our last week's issue we gave photographs received by radio of the scene, but it is more clearly illustrated by this picture. As previously recorded, an eruption of the Mt. Ruapehu volcano caused water from the crater to burst out and, carrying boulders, lava and debris down the mountainside, flood the

river and destroy the bridge. Our photograph by Aerofilms of Mt. Ruapehu shows it exhibiting signs of activity. Experts examined the crater after the accident, and found the water level had dropped some 25 ft., and that the usual lake area of 14 acres had diminished to three acres. Mud and blue clay in deposits from 6 to 8 ft. deep were noted on the crater edge, some 300 ft. above water level; and rocks were still hot. It is believed that millions of gallons of water were discharged through the tunnel forced in the retaining ice-wall.





THE standard works upon various aspects of the arts in which the experience of each generation is summarised and to which we all have to refer for facts and dates and for a coherent account of historical developments are almost invariably written by men who devote their lives to study, and hold some academic or museum appointment. This is as it should be, and is indeed inevitable, for original research demands time and opportunity. Occasionally, however, an amateur, whose main occupation lies in a different field, blossoms into print with the results of his leisure hours, and brings with him a breath of fresh air to stir the Olympian calm of professional scholarship. The latest outsider (if he will forgive the term, which is used in its literal, not its metaphorical sense) to break into the sedate circle is Mr. George W. Ware, an American horticultural expert from Arkansas, and a very neat, lucid job he has made of it.

Mr. Ware had apparently long been interested in porcelain, when chance took him after the war to Germany as agricultural and educational adviser in the American Zone. There he made the acquaintance of experts and dealers, read the relevant books, visited the galleries and porcelain factories and steeped himself in his subject. The result is an excellent account of the history of the craft in Germany and Austria, and he will no doubt be the first to admit that he has been well served by his publishers, the Lothar Woeller Press, of Frankfurt-on-Main, for format and plates are excellent. Against them I have one complaint. They have printed the book in a very pleasant, clear type, but don't tell us what it is. The author says he has written mainly for people who are starting to collect this kind of porcelain or who want a quick, unsophisticated survey of the subject. In this he has succeeded, but he has done more than that; he has produced a book which anyone, even the most learned among us, can welcome to his shelves, even though much of what he has to say is common knowledge; his enthusiasm is genuine and therefore infectious. He is uncommonly good in guiding the reader through the maze of marks with which the various factories endeavoured to protect their reputation. This phase of his subject will no doubt prove a

\* On this page Frank Davis reviews "German and Austrian Porcelain." By George W. Ware, Four Plates in Colour; numerous monochrome illustrations, charts, maps and reproductions of porcelain marks. (Lothar Woeller Press, Frankfurt-am-Main; Sole agents in the United Kingdom, Bailey Bros. and Swinfen; 8os.)



A "LADY IN LACED CAP AND FLOWERED 'CRINOLINE'": A MEISSEN FIGURE BY JOHANN JOACHIM KÄNDLER, c. 1744. (Irwin Untermyer Collection; by Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.)

J. J. Kändler (1706-1775) is generally recognised as the greatest modeller of porcelain, with the possible exception of Franz Anton Bustelli, of Nymphenburg. He arrived at the Meissen factory in 1731.

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. CENTRAL EUROPEAN PORCELAIN—A SURVEY.\*

By FRANK DAVIS.

stumbling-block to as many future generations as it has in the past. He deals with the eighteenth century, of course, and then goes on to list the marks of no fewer than ninety-eight prominent establishments founded in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. At the end of this section is a most valuable page in which, for example, the original crossed swords mark of Meissen is illustrated against its various imitations by Bristol and Coalport, by Tournai and Worcester and the

itself and convince me of its originality, age and general merit. I find there is no other recipe." All this is elementary, no doubt, but worth saying and worth printing. In addition to accounts of the rise and subsequent history of the major factories, Meissen and Vienna, Berlin and the rest, there are excellent notes on a host of lesser establishments and a useful page or two about the *Hausmalerei* industry which developed soon after Meissen and Vienna started to operate. The information given is naturally based upon Pazaurek's study of *Hausmaler*—that is, of the independent painters' activities. "The *Hausmaler* were experienced painters of faience and other ceramics, and the porcelain factories feared their competition. . . . Despite relentless opposition by the porcelain establishments, the *Hausmaler* were able to obtain Meissen, Vienna and Chinese white porcelain to decorate and dispose of as they saw fit. Intrigue prevailed in the factories to such an extent that whole sets with only one or two bad pieces were often declared defective and sold 'in the white' to plant artists and others who decorated and sold the items for profit." An exception was a canon of Hildesheim, Von dem Busch, one of whose decorated dishes is illustrated in the book. The canon worked as an amateur, and painted white Meissen with charming landscapes, birds, ruins and flowers. As his work is highly individualistic and is often signed by him, he is not unnaturally a favourite. Later the factories marked their discarded white pieces by putting one or two more slashes across their trade marks (examples of these marks are given). The *Hausmaler* covered these slashes with gilding or with their initials, but could not conceal the fact that the pieces themselves were rejects. Pazaurek neatly summarises their contribution to the industry by comparing them to "a pike in the fish pond" in that "their competition kept the factory painters on the alert."

In addition to a sensible glossary of technical terms and a brief description of the process of German porcelain manufacture with charts and maps, there are 174 illustrations and four coloured plates. The book is published also in a German version. An unusual and welcome feature is a brief—some will perhaps say too brief—chapter upon methods of production, illustrated by four photographs of men actually at work. This section could perhaps have been enlarged to include at least one diagram, if not a photograph or two, of a modern kiln—but then I have no doubt that Mr. Ware, like others before him, discovered very quickly that one of life's major difficulties is to know, not where to begin, but where to stop, in an investigation of this kind. His book will not supplant that of Mr. W. B. Honey (published in 1947); but it is none the less a very sound piece of work.



AN EXAMPLE OF KÄNDLER'S ROCOCO STYLE: A MEISSEN PORCELAIN TEMPLE, c. 1750. (Schlossmuseum, Berlin.)

From about 1740 the Rococo style developed, the heavy, vigorous forms and sharp and brilliant baroque colours being largely replaced by lighter and more graceful Rococo forms with harmonious and delicate colours and designs.

Illustrations by Courtesy of Bailey Bros. and Swinfen, sole U.K. agents for "German and Austrian Porcelain," the book reviewed on this page.

others—deliberate attempts at deception, for so close a parallel can hardly be accidental. The marks have been drawn by hand; as far as possible they are shown actual size, and in many cases were sketched from typical pieces. He gives currency to the old story once put about to explain the absence of marks on some porcelain—namely, that Napoleon ordered all factories either to mark their wares with his crown and initial or omit the mark altogether. He appears to be non-committal on this point, so I venture to suggest that the story is absurd, if only on the ground that, whatever his faults, Napoleon had not that kind of pettifoggish mind.

As a man who obviously has experienced great pleasure in going about, making his own mistakes and building up his own collection, Mr. Ware has some very sensible advice to give. I venture to summarise thus:

- (1) Acquire standard books.
- (2) Study photographs—you can't see all originals.
- (3) Visit all the shops, auctions, museums and private collections you can.
- (4) Study the marks.
- (5) Buy a few pieces of unquestionable authenticity, and use them as basis for comparison.
- (6) Cultivate those who know.

A page or two later he quotes the following words, spoken to him by a European expert: "I first look for the mark at the bottom of a piece. . . . Then I want to know whether mass and glaze are old or new. . . . Now I look at the decoration or painting. This is important, as many old pieces have been bought or smuggled from the dealers and brought to forgers for repainting or re-marking. Then I check the decoration, as there are various patterns or styles of particular periods which could be used in decorating. Next I ask myself whether the decoration goes with the form, mass and mark of this Meissen piece, since many of the forgers of Meissen porcelain who lived principally in near-by Dresden were able to copy the most delicate colour arrangements from the originals in the Dresden Museums. . . . In all instances the item must sell



MODELLED BY J. J. KÄNDLER, c. 1748: A MEISSEN GROUP OF A TURK WITH A SPANISH HORSE.

(Wadsworth Athenaeum, Hartford.)

Starting from about 1740, Kändler and his associates made a great variety of table decorations and countless figures and groups of distinct charm and beauty. These include foreign characters such as Turks, Poles, Chinese and Moors.



## THE ROYAL TOUR: "CROSSING THE LINE" CEREMONIES ABOARD S.S. GOTHIC.



"KING NEPTUNE" ABOARD THE ROYAL LINER GOTHIC: THE SCENE DURING THE "CROSSING THE LINE" CEREMONY, WITH H.M. THE QUEEN FILMING THE EVENT (TOP, RIGHT).



ENJOYING HIS RÔLE OF "ASSISTANT BARBER" AT NEPTUNE'S COURT: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WEARING A STRIPED APRON AND WITH HIS NOSE PAINTED RED.

On December 4 the Royal liner *Gothic*, in which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were sailing across the Pacific to Fiji, crossed the Equator shortly before noon. The traditional "crossing the line" ceremonies were first held aboard H.M.S. *Sheffield*, the escort cruiser, and were watched by the Queen and the Duke through binoculars. In the evening, "King Neptune," impersonated by Inspector Frank Kelley, personal police officer to the Duke, with his Queen—a naval officer—held Court aboard the Royal liner. The Duke of Edinburgh,



LATHERING A "VICTIM" DURING THE "CROSSING THE LINE" CEREMONIES: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO WAS A LIBERAL DAUBER WITH THE FLOUR-PASTE.

as an "assistant barber," took an active part in the ceremonies, which were watched and filmed by her Majesty the Queen. The "victims" included Lady Alice Egerton, and Lady Pamela Mountbatten, both Ladies-in-Waiting to the Queen. Both were liberally daubed with flour-paste and cochineal-red colouring before being ducked in the swimming-pool. In our issue of December 12 we showed a photograph of the ceremony as received by radio; on this page are reproductions of the originals which have now come to hand.



# ROCK-CARVINGS WHICH LINK TINTAGEL WITH KNOSSOS: BRONZE-AGE MAZES DISCOVERED IN NORTH CORNWALL.

By ACKROYD GIBSON. [Photographs by Doctor Carl Schuster.]

A DISCOVERY of interest and importance to archaeology has come to light in Cornwall. One-and-a-half miles from Tintagel, the road to Boscastle drops steeply to cross the deep and sinuous gorge known as Rocky Valley. Until recently the luxuriant growth that covers the slopes of this valley had hidden from view a very ancient relic of human association with the site. This is in the form of two mazes carved in the rock-face (Figs. 1 and 7). The pattern displayed in these mazes is probably the most distinctive, as it is the most important, of the very numerous designs found in rock-carvings all over the British Isles. These appear on isolated monoliths, on stones within or connected with stone-circles, on rock-faces and the structure of actual graves. As far as present knowledge goes, the only other perfect example of this particular spiral pattern occurring in the British Isles comes from Ireland. The accompanying photograph (Fig. 6) shows it carved on a boulder known as the Hollywood Stone. This was discovered to the side of an ancient trackway in the Wicklow Mountains, and is now in the National Museum of Ireland in Dublin. It should be noted that the design on this boulder is an exact replica of that from Rocky Valley, Cornwall, though to a much larger scale.

The art of carving geometrical designs first appeared in Britain during the Megalithic period—from about 2500 B.C. at the earliest—and persisted throughout the Early and Middle Bronze Ages. The idea continued to live through the Middle Ages down to Elizabethan times, in the church and turf-cut mazes of those periods.



FIG. 2. A DRAWING OF THE HOLLYWOOD STONE (SEE ALSO FIG. 6) WITH BESIDE IT THE TWO FACES OF A COIN OF KNOSSOS, CRETE, DATED ABOUT 200 B.C., AND SHOWING, ON THE OBVERSE, THE HEAD OF APOLLO; ON THE REVERSE, THE SAME MAZE DIAGRAM, REPRESENTING IN THIS CASE THE CELEBRATED LABYRINTH OF MINOS.

As far as the writer has been able to discover, nothing was previously known of the Rocky Valley carvings; there was no local story or tradition relating to them. The only written reference to them the writer could find was in a booklet on the "Chapel, Kieve and Gorge of St. Nectan," by Dr. S. J. Madge, of the British Museum. Therein Dr. Madge shows a photograph of one of the mazes, but makes no further comment beyond "Two mysterious ring-marked carvings (seen by the writer in September 1948 and again in 1949) are on the rock-face at the back of the mill."

Dr. Raftery, Keeper of Irish Antiquities at the National Museum, Dublin, wrote me on the Rocky

Valley carvings that "My own view is that the weight of evidence places such rock-carved designs in the Bronze Age in Europe." Dr. Raftery was kind enough to put me in touch with Dr. Carl Schuster, of New York, who has made a special study of maze-carvings. The result was that Dr. Schuster considered the matter of such importance that he paid a special visit to my home for the purpose of



FIG. 1. MR. ACKROYD GIBSON, THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE, PHOTOGRAPHED BESIDE ONE OF THE TWO ROCK-CUT "MAZES" FOUND IN ROCKY VALLEY, BETWEEN BOSCASTLE AND TINTAGEL, CORNWALL. THEY ARE BELIEVED TO DATE FROM THE BRONZE AGE AND ARE FINE AND COMPLETE EXAMPLES, DIRECTLY COMPARABLE WITH THE HOLLYWOOD STONE IN IRELAND.

examining the carvings *in situ*. He was especially glad to have done so, as he was thus enabled to include the material in an address given later before the Fourth International Congress of Anthropological and Ethnological Sciences at Vienna.

How ancient the symbolism of the maze really is may never be known. For the purpose of our investigation into the diffusion of the maze-design throughout Europe, it is safe to say that the ultimate centre of origin was the Middle East—most probably Egypt. From there it spread westward, to reach Spain about 1500 B.C. At Pontevedra, in the north-west of that country, there is an example of the maze-design identical with that appearing in Cornwall and with the one incised on the boulder from Hollywood.

Throughout the Bronze Age traffic of all kinds was passing to and fro along what is referred to as the "Atlantic Trade Route," from the Mediterranean and areas of the Spanish Peninsula to the British Isles. It is almost certain that the idea of the labyrinth motif was carried to Western Britain through the agency of these trading voyages, and, especially, by the immigrants who settled here. They brought with them not only their goods and chattels, but their art and religion as well.

As time went on the essential idea of this maze-symbol became vague and forgotten, overlaid by superstitious and purely ornamental uses. The design then appears on pottery, articles of apparel, rings, brooches and coins (Fig. 2), the latter becoming widespread during the Roman period. The most famous example of the pattern appearing on vases is that of the Etruscan Tragilatella Vase (Figs. 4 and 5). This

vase is now dated by Etruscologists to the end of the seventh century B.C. The design on this vase shows horses and their riders as though they are emerging from the maze, and included in the pattern is the word "Truia." The word "Truia" or "Troia" refers to a game or ceremonial ride performed on festive occasions by the patrician youths of Rome. As a game, *Truia* was much encouraged by the Roman Emperors. It was almost certainly derived from

a sacred maze-ritual. There are some very interesting remarks on this in an article on "Maze Symbolism and the Trojan Game," by W. J. Knight, published in "Antiquity," Vol. 6, No. 24, December 1932.

The "*Truia*" was also known as the Trojan Game, and it is interesting to note that these maze-patterns are often referred to as "Troy Towns" or simply as "Troys." In view of this fact, it is of significance that the phrase "Troy Town" is still used to this day in Cornwall to relate to any muddle, problem or untidy condition of affairs.

The method of drawing the labyrinth (Fig. 3), if not the meaning of the design, spread to the New World, where to this day it is constructed by the Yaqui Indians of Sonora, generally in the form of small boulder labyrinths laid out in the sand of desolate desert sites. It is used by the Pima-papago and Navajo and Hopi Indians of the South-Western United States. The motif is found scattered over many parts of Asia; in India, where it appears on many examples of domestic craftwork, and among the more [Continued opposite.

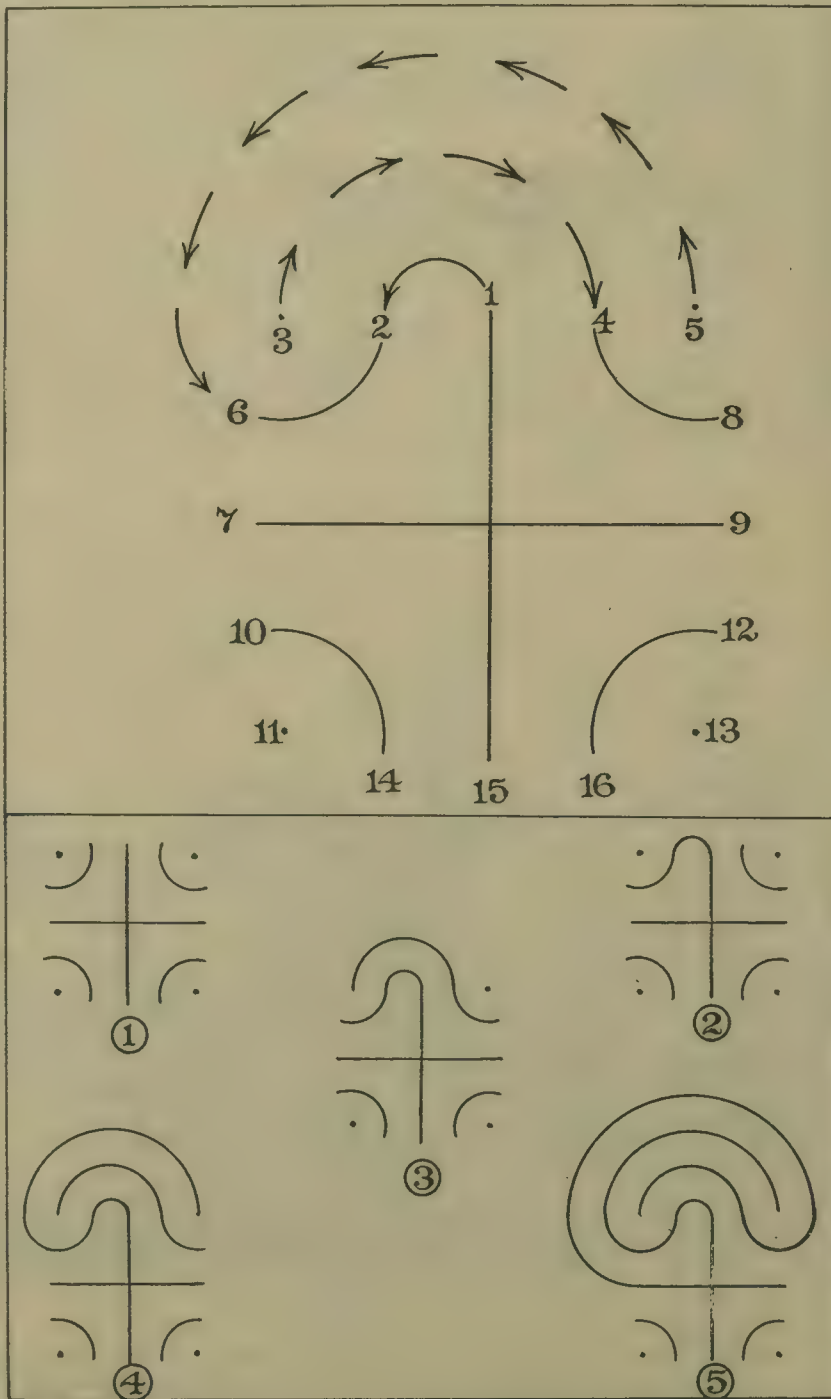


FIG. 3. HOW TO DRAW OUT A MAZE OF THE KIND SHOWN IN THE CORNISH AND HOLLYWOOD EXAMPLES. ABOVE IS SHOWN THE BASIC DIAGRAM WITH THE NUMBERED LINKING POINTS; WHILE BELOW ARE SHOWN SUCCESSIVE OPENING STAGES. FROM THIS BEGINNING THE WHOLE MAZE CAN BE SIMPLY COMPLETED BY THE INTERESTED READER.



# "TRUIA" AND LABYRINTH: CRYPTIC CULT SYMBOLS OF BRONZE AGE MAN.



FIG. 4. THE DETAIL OF THE DESIGNS ON THE TRAGLIATELLA VASE (SEE FIG. 5), SHOWING THE HORSEMEN AND THEIR INFANTRY APPARENTLY EMERGING FROM THE MAZE. WITHIN THE MAZE IS THE INSCRIPTION "TRUIA." IN GREEK LETTERS, IN MIRROR IMAGE, REFERRING TO THE "TROJAN GAME."



FIG. 5. THE TRAGLIATELLA VASE: ETRUSCAN, PROBABLY OF THE END OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C.



FIG. 6. THE HOLLYWOOD STONE, A MASSIVE BLOCK OF GRANITE, NOW IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF IRELAND. FOUND BESIDE AN ANCIENT TRACK NEAR HOLLYWOOD, IN THE WICKLOW MOUNTAINS.

*Continued.*  
sinister accoutrements of the Batak sorcerers of Sumatra. Space does not allow any reference in detail to the association of dances in relation to the maze. Their persistence down to modern times can be nothing else than survivals in racial memory of very ancient rituals and ceremonies connected with the return of spring and the escape of the sun from his winter confinement in the underworld, as well as ceremonies connected with the entombment of the dead. The Furry Dance of Helston and that of the Hobby Horse at Padstow are undoubtedly of this nature. As far as the Rocky Valley mazes are concerned, it is to be hoped that something will be done to protect and maintain them, not only against defacement, but from being once more concealed from view beneath a mass of overgrowth. The mazes occur on a strip of cliff that forms the western boundary of the Trethevy House estate, which is now owned by Mr. Peter Phillips. Mr. Phillips is always pleased to facilitate the access to the mazes of any interested visitors.



FIG. 7. THE TWO ROCK-CUT MAZES OF ROCKY VALLEY, CORNWALL: THE DESIGN IS EXACTLY THAT OF THE HOLLYWOOD STONE AND, LIKE THAT STONE, THEY STAND WITHIN A FEW FEET OF AN ANCIENT TRACK WHICH WAS CERTAINLY USED IN ROMAN TIMES, PERHAPS EARLIER.



AT the end of the year, or the beginning of the next, the weekly writer is tempted to look back upon his fifty-two articles. His mood may be one of sorrow for opportunities missed and prophecies which proved to be bad shots; but he must be very modest or notably unsuccessful if he does not find a sober satisfaction over a few. Sometimes he recalls what trouble he had to find any subject. This was not often the case in the year 1953, when the subjects, whether agreeable or the reverse—too often the latter—suggested themselves naturally enough. It so happened that for these pages I was not called on to write about the big subject of the year, the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II., which was indeed fortunate, because I spent that week in an Oxford nursing home. Sometimes the subject of the article reappears to cause a shock of surprise. "The doctors' plot" in Russia, for instance, written for the issue of January 31, had passed out of my mind. It was exciting at the time, though I was not sure what it meant. I am not sure now. Anyhow, it was wiped off the slate by the "Beria Plot," of which I wrote in July. This was surely the most exciting subject, whatever I made of it. By comparison, Beria's end was tame. After all, it was that of the majority of Russian leaders since the revolution.

I think only one "Window" article—a title associated with a reproachful voice when I am late ("What's happened to your 'Window' this week?")—was purely personal. That was a record of sensations on saying farewell to an Oxford Professorial Chair. A few, however, were based on personal impressions or views such as those on the rôle of the historian. Two or three were reviews of books. Looking back now, the chief impression made upon my mind by the series is the inconclusive nature of most of the subjects on which I wrote. In most cases the same problems still confront us; in some cases they seem to have made little or no progress. The world to-day is a place where problems do not get solved neatly. It may be, in fact, that some of them are insoluble. Some of the troubles are no lighter than when they were discussed. One at least is worse than it then was.

Three successive articles dealt with my most interesting experience of the year, a visit to the Kingdom of Jordan. There the two great and connected problems, the conflict with Israel and the fate of the Arab refugees, have not made the least alteration, unless one particularly shocking event can be said to have made their solution more remote than ever. We do not know how much progress has been made on that of the Suez Canal; probably a good deal on the less important matters, while the essentials are still in a state of deadlock. On the Sudan I carefully refrained from sounding a note of even the faintest optimism, and it has since been proved that there was no cause for any. But on that and kindred subjects my views are so unpopular that it is scarcely worth while to express them. I feel that a worthy policy is being pushed with crazy haste and that it may be described, in terms of the home country, as giving the parliamentary vote to the kindergarten. British Guiana is another subject which gives me a similar impression, and another problem which has not yet been cleared up.

In January I was noting that German affairs, after at least two years' delay, were much where they had always been and that this situation was mainly due to the hesitations and changes of mind of France. Here we are in January again. The contortions of French opinion have been more agonised than ever. Now some bright French publicists are saying that it would be well to wipe off the slate all this nonsense about E.D.C. and a European Army and admit Germany to the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. Dangerous though it may be from my own point of

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. UNTIED ENDS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

view, I venture to predict that here at least some definitive progress is likely to be made in the year 1954. It is surely unrealistic to suppose that the free world will continue to permit a settlement of some sort to be balked for another year by statesmen who may be described as mental paralytics. It is even within the bounds of possibility that France will provide a better team.

In the summer I wrote on the signature of the Korean armistice, noting that it was highly welcome but was not received with enthusiasm, and that Anglo-American relations were somewhat strained. In this case there can be no doubt on the subject of progress, though it has been painful. Anglo-American relations are better than they were. The arrangements flowing from the armistice, in particular the repatriation of prisoners of war who are undecided whether to return home or throw in their lot with their captors, have proceeded rather on the lines of the negotiations for an armistice. However, virtually all the European prisoners of war are already home, and a very large proportion of the Asiatic. Prospects of preventing a new explosion have improved. Once again, however, the ends remain untied. This is the case even as regards the terms of the armistice itself. The far more important and difficult question of peace terms is unsettled and even the machinery for dealing with

than those of 1952. Perhaps it is natural that the pendulum should in these circumstances have swung a little too far and that people should paint the present and the future in rather brighter colours than they deserve. After all, the vital question has not yet been answered: does the Soviet Union sincerely desire and intend peace? Perhaps it is not in the nature or in the interests of a Communist State

ever to answer that question clearly. Still, grounds for restrained optimism do exist, even if it has to be confined to the survey of a limited number of years. This is the greatest question, overshadowing all those I have mentioned as having been discussed in the course of the year. We can put up with a fair number of setbacks for the reward of a brighter new year in that respect.

Several articles have been devoted to the fighting forces: recruiting, rivalries between Services, discipline, Welbeck College and a comparison between the armies of the two Queens regnant who have borne the name of Elizabeth. The new year starts with all three Services in a pretty healthy state, though it would be well if those who have to decide on aircraft design would be quicker in making up their minds. Satisfactory prototypes seem to be flying years before there is any sign of series production. Size for size, our fighting forces to-day need not fear comparison with any. If we compare the Army with its own past, let us say at the beginning of the Korean War, when difficulty was encountered in finding the men to make up a single battalion for active service, we shall realise the difference. A last glance through the list shows the squires still declining, Mr. Nehru as mentor still a mentor, and Northern Ireland. I am glad to say, still Northern Ireland.

By comparison with other years since the war, 1953 could not be called one of industrial unrest. In consequence, it was marked by but a very slight rise in the cost of living. In that field the prospects are not bright. If we are in for another spiral, wages raising costs and then pursuing them, production, trade, finance, and stability in general will suffer. These matters are in general out of my line, but they may perforce come into it because they may develop into the most important topic of the year. One feature of the business I find of interest. The survivors of the middle classes have almost ceased to lament the levelling process, but the skilled men, especially in services such as transport, are beginning to protest

that it is unjust. The wages of the unskilled approach ever nearer to those of the skilled, some of whom have worked hard and long to reach their present posts. Unfortunately, this sentiment will not have the effect of holding inflation. Its tendency will be to assist the process.

However, starting the year with depressed feelings will get us nowhere—at least, nowhere we want to go to. Even in this doubtful field of home affairs we have a good deal to be thankful for: more stable finance, trade fairly well maintained, currency keeping its end-up, great variety of food at prices which are certainly high, but not with reference to other commodities and not as high as the doleful prophesied. Perhaps even that despised individual, the shareholder, may hope for a little more—subject to income-tax, of course—now that the somewhat monotonous pleas of successive Chancellors of the Exchequer to plough the money back into the business—as if it were considered good farming to do that with oats and turnips—have proved a direct invitation to "take-over bids." So here is good luck to all the strugglers, whether they are merely wondering how to pay their taxes or dealing with terrorists in Malaya and Mau Mau in Kenya. In 1953 Sir Gordon Richards won his first Derby and my first granddaughter was born. I should be churlish indeed if I did not at this time wish readers a happy New Year.

### A DOOMED LONDON LANDMARK: HOLLAND HOUSE.



BEFORE THE DISASTROUS BOMBING WHICH REDUCED ITS INTERIOR AND SO CAUSED THE PRESENT DECISION TO DEMOLISH IT: "HOLLAND HOUSE," A PAINTING BY ALGERNON NEWTON, R.A., OF THE NORTH FRONT DURING THE '20'S OF THIS CENTURY.

Holland House, the unique Jacobean mansion which stands in its own lovely park between Kensington High Street and Notting Hill, is being demolished. It was badly wrecked during the air-raids of 1940 and, since its acquisition in June 1952 by the L.C.C., the decision was taken that it was damaged beyond the possibility of restoration, that it would in any case be difficult to find a suitable use for all or part of the building (if restored) and accordingly demolition of the remains has been begun. Photographs on later pages record its tragic appearance at the date of writing; on this page we show the north front as it was in the 1920's and as portrayed by Algernon Newton, R.A., in a painting now in a private collection. This front, while more austere and less spectacular than the south front, has, since the opening to the public of the north part of the park, become by far the better known to the Kensingtonians of to-day.

it has not been created. There, if I were called upon to prophesy, I should not be optimistic. I am afraid that a long and weary road still stretches ahead, with a settlement well below the horizon.

Indo-China, about which I write with growing apprehension, has worsened without any doubt. Once again no conclusion has been reached. Yet, on the whole, the situation of the forces of the French Union grew more serious. This was particularly the case in the last month of the year, when a Viet Minh force cut the country in two. The trouble may not be as bad as it looked at first sight, and the latest messages do not indicate pessimism in military quarters, but there has certainly been a deterioration since the days of Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny. The greatest difficulty of every Government which has had this war on its hands has been that it has contained elements who are half-hearted about it. If the military authorities, who have shown great courage, are to win through, they need moral as well as material support. The young officers, who have lost so heavily, have set an inspiring example. Let it be hoped that their sacrifices will not have been made in vain.

The tension between East and West has been slightly eased. At the start of a new year the danger of war still remains, but the prospects look a little brighter, just as those at the start of 1953 were better



# HOLLAND HOUSE TO-DAY: THE DOOMED RUINS OF THE GREAT WHIG MANSION.



THE WEST FRONT OF HOLLAND HOUSE, AS IT IS TO-DAY: ON THE GROUND FLOOR (RIGHT) THE SWANNERY AND WEST ROOM; ON THE FIRST FLOOR, THE BAY WINDOW OF THE LIBRARY.



LOOKING INTO THE SOUTH FRONT OF HOLLAND HOUSE, TOWARDS THE EAST WING, THE PART LEAST DAMAGED BY BOMBS. THE ARCADES ARE TO BE PRESERVED.



THE FAMOUS GATEWAY BESIDE THE EAST FRONT, FLANKED BY SCREENS OF TERRACOTTA MEDALLIONS. THE GATES ARE REPUTEDLY BY NICHOLAS STONE, TO INIGO JONES' DESIGNS.



LOOKING OUT FROM AN ARCADED ROOM OF THE WEST TOWER, A BUILDING TO THE WEST OF HOLLAND HOUSE PROPER, SHOWING AN ELABORATE BIRD-CAGE AND PLANT STAND.



DESERTED CONSERVATORIES IN THE WEST TOWER, WHICH LIES TO THE WEST OF (BUT SEPARATE FROM) THE WEST FRONT OF HOLLAND HOUSE, AND CONTAINS THE BALL-ROOM.



WITH ELABORATE AND RICH TILE-FACINGS IN FORMAL AND HERALDIC DESIGNS: THE TERRACE WALLS ENCLOSING THE LAWNS BELOW THE SOUTH FRONT OF HOLLAND HOUSE.

Holland House, the Jacobean mansion whose huge and richly-timbered grounds rise from Kensington High Street up the slopes of Notting Hill and which has long presented the anomaly of a country house in the heart of the metropolis, is being demolished. It was built in 1605 by John Thorpe for Sir Walter Cope, and was first known as Cope Castle. It was embellished by his son-in-law, Sir Henry Rich, first Baron Kensington and later raised to the Earldom of Holland. This Earldom (to which was added the Earldom of Warwick) expired in the eighteenth century; but in 1767 Henry Fox bought Holland House, and the title was revived for him, and it was under the Fox Hollands that Holland House became famous as the great house of the Whig statesmen, poets and wits. In September and

October of 1940 it was bombed severely and the central block was virtually gutted, the west wing being badly burnt, while the east wing was largely untouched. For some years it was hoped that so famous and remarkable a mansion with so brilliant a history would be rebuilt and restored to life; but in the words of a letter to *The Times* by Mr. I. J. Hayward, leader of the London County Council (the present owners of the mansion): "The main portion of the house is damaged beyond the possibility of restoration and I think it would be a mistake to attempt to preserve the building as a ruin, even if the cost of doing so were not prohibitive, owing to its extremely dangerous condition." A panoramic photograph of the south front appears overleaf.





"A MOVING, AND... A TRAGIC SIGHT": HOLLAND HOUSE, THE SOUTH FRONT, AS DEMOLITION PROCEEDS AND THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE HISTORIC KENSINGTON MANSION DRAWS NEAR.

As reported on previous pages in this issue, Holland House, the famous Jacobean mansion standing in a delightfully rural park off Kensington High Street, is being demolished. Severely damaged in the air-raids of the autumn of 1940, it has now been declared by its present owners (the L.C.C.) too costly to rebuild and too dangerous to allow to remain as a ruin. Even the little-damaged east wing would, it is stated, cost too much to repair, and accordingly the whole is being demolished. The L.C.C., however, proposes "to preserve the arcades of the south front in something like their former condition and to leave an indication of the ground plan, incorporated in the layout of the surrounding gardens." Architecturally, the mansion belongs to the very beginning of the seventeenth century and is generally

compared with Charlton and Hatfield; and it is interesting to learn that the first owner was the grandson of Walter Mohun, of Wollaton, Notts; and Wollaton Hall, also designed by John Thorpe, is a mansion of great size and oppressively rich and magnificent in the Elizabethan Renaissance manner. But interesting though Holland House is architecturally and unique though it is as an example of a country mansion in the heart of a metropolis, its greatest fame lies in its associations with the great of that dwelling which was in their youth the favourite resort of wit and beauty, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers and statesmen. They will then remember, with strange tenderness, many objects once familiar to them, the avenue and the terrace, the busts and the paintings, the carving, the grotesque gilding and

Prince Metternich, Talleyrand, Humboldt, Ugo Foscolo, Canova, Gladstone, Brougham, Henry Greville, Byron, Samuel Rogers, Sidney Smith, Macaulay, Panizzi, Watts, and others too numerous to mention. Strangely enough, its disappearance was predicted over a century ago by Lord Macaulay, who wrote in 1841: "The time is coming when, perhaps, a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek, amidst new streets and squares and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling which was in their youth the favourite resort of wit and beauty, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers and statesmen. They will then remember, with strange tenderness, many objects once familiar to them, the avenue and the terrace, the busts and the paintings, the carving, the grotesque gilding and

the enigmatical mottoes. With peculiar fondness they will recall that venerable chamber, in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended with all that female grace and wit could devise to embellish a drawing-room." The exact fate that Macaulay foresaw did not befall it. The mansion passed from the last Lord Holland to the Earls of Ichester, the descendants of Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, and it was the present Earl of Ichester who wrote the history of the house, "The Home of the Hollands, 1605-1820." But what Victorian expansion failed to bring about, the hazards of war and post-war austerity have achieved, and before long the "Home of the Hollands" will survive only as a memory, an arcade and a ground plan "incorporated . . . in surrounding gardens."





## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

### SAMPHIRE—AND STEALING A GARDEN.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

FOR many years I have been greatly, yet vaguely, interested in the British wild plant, Samphire, *Crithmum maritimum*. How,

when and why this interest arose I have no idea. It was not because Evelyn praised the plant for its flavour as well as its aromatic virtues against the spleen. "Preferable for cleansing the passages and sharpening appetite, to most of our hotter herbs, and salad ingredients." Nor was it because, according to Pliny, it was the herb that the good country wife Hecale prepared for Theseus when going to fight the bull of Marathon.

Perhaps it was because Samphire was at one time used for making a pickle. I have always been interested in trying out-of-the-way foods and condiments of this sort. According to W. T. Fernie in his "Herbal Simples," "the leaves are juicy, with a warm, aromatic taste, and may be put into sauce; or they make a good, appetising, condimentary pickle, which is wholesome for scrofulous subjects." (Not interested.) "Persons living by the coast cook this plant as a pot-herb. Formerly it was regularly cried in the London streets, and was called 'Crest Marine.'" Samphire is a sea-coast species and Fernie says that it is "a herb difficult to be gathered, because it grows only out of crevices of lofty, perpendicular rocks which can not easily be scaled."

In Shakespeare's time gathering Samphire was quite an important trade—and a dangerous one. In Smith's "History of Waterford" that danger is referred to: "It is terrible to see how people gather it, hanging by a rope several fathoms from the top of the impending rocks, as it were in the air"; and, of course, there is Shakespeare's allusion, in "King Lear," to the hazards of gathering Samphire:

How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!  
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,  
Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half-way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire: dreadful trade!  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.

A few years ago I learned from a cousin that Samphire grew in the neighbourhood of her home on the coast of South Wales. Although she was rather a favourite cousin, and despite what Shakespeare and Smith—of Waterford—had to say on the matter, I asked her to engage in the hazardous and "dreadful trade" of gathering Samphire, and send me a few roots. To what extent the collecting involved the attributes of a Tarzan, a steeplejack, a chough and a chamois I never knew. But my cousin survived, though the roots she sent me merely lingered awhile before perishing. Like so many cliff-dwellers, they had been impossible to extract from their rock crevices with any working quantity of root-fibre attached to their tough, thong-like, almost woody stems.

A week ago I found myself involved in this "dreadful trade," on the South Coast of England, and seldom have I engaged in a less hazardous form of plant collecting. Motoring with my daughter, half a mile inland from the coastal chalk cliffs, we passed through a road cutting, on one side of which was a gently sloping scree of rough chalk rubble. At the foot of this slope, right at the very road-side, I noticed plants which I felt pretty sure must be Samphire—extensive beds of it. I got out to investigate, and there was no mistaking the curiously rubber-textured leaves, with their strong aromatic taste reminiscent of a

dozen different indefinable scents and flavours. I returned later armed with a stout garden fork and dug out a few roots. Not an easy plant to get up. The roots, which resembled bell-ropes, went plunging deep into the loose chalk scree. It was like trying to collect roots of *Geum reptans* or *Anemone alpina* in the Alps. I got up fairly promising-looking specimens, which may survive and grow, but as a safeguard I collected a packet of seed, a little of which was still on the plants, and that I think should be easy to raise and manage. If the stubborn-looking roots show any inclination to linger, I shall put an end to any such nonsense. I detest a plant that lingers. Either it should grow and be grateful, or it should die and have done with it.

pretty plant for rock-work."

Having collected roots and seeds of Samphire last week, I stole a garden. Stealing gardens is an old hobby of mine, and a hobby which I can strongly recommend. One can do the stealing with very little chance of being found out, and it is one of the few forms of theft for which, as far as I know, there is no legal penalty. For my visit to my daughter I had taken with me a great packet of mixed seeds suitable for sowing on the old mossy walls surrounding part of her garden—*Erinus*, "Cinderella" Stock, Silver Saxifrage, *Dianthus cæsius* and various other pinks, *Cheiranthus linifolius*, and so forth. Having sown liberally, I found about an ounce of seed left over. This I took with me and broadcast it widely over the roadside chalk and rubble scree from which I had extracted roots of Samphire. If only 2 or 3 per cent. of those seeds survive to make plants and flower they will be lucky. But even so, there will be enough to make quite a show and, few or many, they will be my garden by right of theft. The public are at liberty to enjoy them too, and doubtless some of the plants will be "collected" by garden-minded passers-by.

I have, and have had, stolen gardens for many years, and all over the country. Old, mellow, crumbly walls are excellent for stealing, and equally good are raw gravel and chalk slopes bounding road or railway cuttings. Just south of Stevenage there is a railway cutting with chalk rubble slopes at the foot of the solid chalk cliffs. More than thirty years ago I had a gay and flourishing stolen garden on those slopes, and to this day there are still great patches of *Cerastium tomentosum*—"Snow in Summer"—to be seen from passing trains—if you know just where to look. At Stevenage, too, I had for a year or so a nice stolen garden on the top of a brick wall which I passed every day on my way to the Six Hills. The mortar on the top of this wall had begun to perish in places, leaving what dentists would call "cavities." In these cavities I sowed seeds of wallflowers and snapdragons, and for a while—one flowering season—they remained. Alas, they advertised the state of the wall. The owner stole my stolen garden; howked out my wallflowers and antirrhinums, and pointed, or rather stopped, the cavities with cement.

One of my earliest, most ambitious, and most successful garden thefts was in a picturesque, straggling Dorset village. In this case it was not just one garden that I stole, but practically the whole village. The place was a network of delightfully mellow, mossy walls, which, however, lacked colour and variety in their vegetation. I went to the village shop and

practically bought them out of flower-seeds, in gay, pictorial packets. Not only did I buy seeds of wall-loving plants, such as antirrhinums, wallflowers, campanulas, pinks and carnations, but I added packets and packets of gaudy annuals, such as poppies, clarkias, godetias, virginia stock and marigolds of both kinds. All these I mixed in a borrowed boot box full of dry earth, and then, by stealth and moonlight, I scattered the mixture over practically every garden wall that abutted on to the village roads and lanes. I was unable to revisit the place until three years later, and so missed the gaudy annuals. But wallflowers and the rest were well established. A local head gardener whom I asked about it told me that the village walls during the summer after my former visit had been "a knockout—a fair treat."



"A GOOD, APPETISING, CONDIMENTARY PICKLE, WHICH IS WHOLESOME FOR SCROFULOUS SUBJECTS": THE BRITISH WILD HERB, SAMPHIRE (*CRITHMUM MARITIMUM*), IN WHICH, SAYS MR. ELLIOTT, "FOR MANY YEARS I HAVE BEEN GREATLY, YET VAGUELY, INTERESTED."

Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.

What a pleasant surprise to find Samphire growing on a gentle roadside slope and demanding no dangling on a rope amid the crows and the choughs. But it struck me, as I gathered my roots and seeds, how dull-witted of the Samphire gatherers, in the days when the herb was in demand, not to collect seed and grow plantations of it as a market-garden crop. In his "Plant Lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare," Canon Ellacombe says: "In our own time the quantity required could be easily got without much danger, for it grows in places perfectly accessible in sufficient quantity for the present requirements, for in some parts it grows far away from the cliffs so that the fields about Porth Gwylan, in Carnarvonshire, are covered with it. It may be grown in the garden, especially in gardens near the sea, and makes a





THE EARLIEST BRITISH PLOUGH: A NEW DISCOVERY FROM A SCOTTISH CRANNOG.

THE recent excavation of a crannog (lake-dwelling) in Milton Loch, Kirkcudbrightshire, has led to a discovery which is of importance to the study of early agriculture in Britain, for a plough-stilt (and share) of early Roman date was buried as a ritual deposit beneath the crannog foundations. The excavations, which were financed by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, took place in October and November 1953, under the direction of Mrs. C. M. Piggott, F.S.A. The labour was kindly supplied by the Ministry of Works at short notice, since the site, an artificial island in Milton Loch, nine miles west of Dumfries, was threatened with submergence after the winter rains. Discovered during the partial drainage of the loch in the summer, the crannog (Fig. 2) was found on excavation to represent the foundations of a round timber house, a little over 40 ft. in diameter and surrounded by a platform built on piles, from which access was given to a plank-built causeway leading to the shore and to a small harbour. Inside the house partitions were discovered, suggesting that

[Continued below.]



FIG. 1. THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE MILTON LOCH LAKE-DWELLING, WITH (CENTRE) THE THRESHOLD, WITH HOLES FOR DOORPOSTS.



FIG. 2. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MILTON LOCH CRANNOG (LAKE DWELLING), SHOWING THE CAUSEWAY.

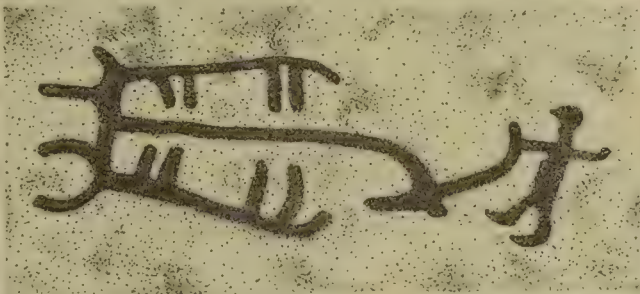


FIG. 3. A ROCK-CARVING FROM VALLA OSTERGARD, SWEDEN, SHOWING A PLOUGH SIMILAR TO THAT FOUND IN SCOTLAND.

[Continued.] included a bronze enamelled "dress-fastener" of a type known from other sites of the Roman period in North Britain, and thought, in this instance, to date from the second century A.D. Beneath the foundations, but in no way structurally incorporated in them, was the stilt, or

[Continued above, right.]



FIG. 4. THE OUTER EDGE OF THE CRANNOG'S FOUNDATIONS, SHOWING THE RADIALLY ARRANGED WOODEN LOGS.

[Continued.] the main living area was a rectangular room, centrally placed, and with a large stone-flagged hearth at one end. This room appeared to have been divided off from the outer parts of the house by a wattle partition. The foundations included a carefully-made wooden threshold (seen in Fig. 1), flanked on each side by squared mortices to take the posts of a door leading to the main living-room. The finds

[Continued above, centre.]

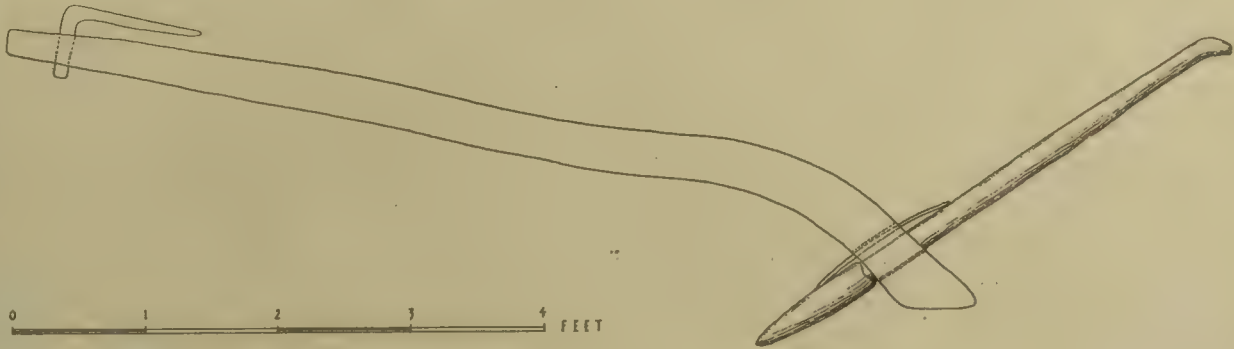


FIG. 5. A DRAWING SHOWING HOW THE WOODEN PLOUGHSHARE AND STILT FOUND AT MILTON LOCH WOULD BE COMBINED WITH A BEAM OF THE KIND SHOWN IN THE SWEDISH ROCK-CARVING (FIG. 3) TO FORM A COMPLETE PLOUGH.

[Continued.] only of which have produced evidence of date, though pieces of ploughs have frequently been found ritually buried in sacred bogs. Although within the period of the Roman occupation of Southern Scotland, this plough came from a specifically native settlement, and like those from Scandinavia, must represent an indigenous North European type. The Milton Loch crannog will be published in detail in the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*.



FIG. 6. THE EARLIEST PLOUGH YET DISCOVERED IN BRITAIN: TOP AND SIDE VIEWS OF THE OAK SHARE AND STILT RECENTLY FOUND IN THE MILTON LOCH CRANNOG.





# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## STORM AND CALM.

By J. C. TREWIN.

SINCE my last article I have met a play that depended upon the shape of a nose, seen a Baron whirling round in the heart of a washing-machine, spent an hour or two with a superstitious hostess who disliked thirteen for dinner, watched the Theatre of the Little Ones (a category that might have suited the last play), and heard a young woman tell her psychiatrist how she had gone through life pushing people off piers or cliffs. (I believe the bag on one memorable Beachy Head afternoon was forty-two.)

A useful round-up, then, for the holidays. Sitting back now in contemplation, I wonder what kind of an evening we might have had if all had been run together: if, say, on that terrace overlooking the Pyramids, Baron Pastry, Miss Manderson (the pushful young woman), the Ugly Sisters, the Broker's Men, Miss Hermione Baddeley and half-a-dozen puppets (Bil-Bol-Bul and Piccolovsky, for instance) from the Piccoli Theatre, had sat down thirteen at table.

It would have been a better play, I think, than "13 for Dinner" itself. This completed a sustained run of a single night at the Duke of York's: a limp adaptation of a comedy that was hardly worth adapting. What I do know about my imaginary piece is that the producer would have had to be alert. If not, Hermione Baddeley would have blown the whole thing to smithereens. Her personality is atomic. Or let me say that her relation to other revue artists of the day is that of a Gillray cartoon to a modest humorous sketch. We have long known her vitality; she appears now to be supercharged. Observe her in the television sketch at Hammersmith (the revue is called "At the Lyric"). Miss Baddeley is a housewife who glares at the fatal set with the mingled fascination and repulsion of a cobra's victim. Every now and then she asks the world why she has to be behaving like this; why they must all be sitting there. She does not know; yet there they are—and the housework is still undone. (Time for that in any crack when the set is not functioning.) To hear Miss Baddeley's wail of despair is to know what Tennyson called "a cry

astonishing masks. I think of her when she is dangerously glum—as glum as a volcano just about to erupt. Everything is ready: we know that in half a minute flames will be coming out of the top, but for a few seconds there is an immeasurably ominous calm. (Consider a sketch called "Bessie Plenderleith," which is not for the patrons of modern sculpture.)



"THIS MAY NOT BE A MAJOR REVUE, BUT AS A RULE IT IS FUNNY": "AT THE LYRIC," ONE OF THE ITEMS ENTITLED "FROM THE ANGLAIS," BY ALAN MELVILLE AND KENNETH LESLIE-SMITH, SHOWING (L. TO R.) MYLES EASON, ERIC BERRY, MARJORIE DUNKELS, DORA BRYAN, IAN CARMICHAEL, LEO CICERI, RACHEL ROBERTS, RICHARD LOGAN AND SHIRLEY EATON.

Cartoons, comets, volcanoes. Where next? Doesn't the man know that he is speaking of an actress in an intimate revue? Yes: the man does. The fact is that Miss Baddeley, back now on the stage where I saw her once as the Infant Phenomenon in "When Crummes Played," hypnotises us as much as the television set hypnotises her. Hyperbole is the only answer. I like her less when she is calmer—in such a bitter number as "Companions." This is a piece of over-calculated revue theatricalism on the theme of "With the fruitless years behind us and the hopeless years before us"; and it makes me fidget uneasily.

Miss Baddeley's principal partner in this revue (largely by Alan Melville, with some witty aid from Paul Dehn) is Dora Bryan. And Miss Bryan, too, can swoop and lunge if she wishes. We are happier, on the whole, when she can occupy the psychiatrist's couch, as in "Miss Manderson," and reveal to the troubled specialist all those curious incidents in her life. Curious, indeed; I cannot remember them in detail, but she had a habit of pushing people over (usually when there was a long drop): it began with her little brother on the pier, and there was a most remarkable casualty-list one afternoon at Beachy Head. Miss Bryan recites this in the tones of a mildly inquiring London pigeon chatting to another pigeon during a Trafalgar Square lull. She is much better here, and (with Miss Baddeley and Ian Carmichael) in the last "Versatile Trio"—a horribly plausible affair—than as Granny in the television sketch: no one there can stand up to Miss Baddeley's gale.

Ian Carmichael has a pleasing way with him, whether he is putting his "iron on," as another dramatist expresses it, in Melville's gay ballad of the Black Knight (music by Kenneth Leslie-Smith), or whether, in a sketch called "New Suit," he is helping Myles Eason to shatter a customer's nerve. The customer is Eric Berry; we feel for him while Mr. Eason and Mr. Carmichael regard him with supercilious insolence. Very amusing in theory, but in practice how grim! This may not be a major revue, but as a

rule it is funny; it is flecked with wit; and we cannot complain while we have Miss Baddeley to storm at us, Miss Bryan-Manderson to coo, and Marjorie Dunkels to bubble quite suddenly into the tones of Joyce Grenfell.

We get comic storming enough in the Palladium "Cinderella," the happiest pantomime for some years. A young and distinguished critic with me sat in bliss while Richard Hearn was being whirled about and whipped up inside a washing-machine. I gathered that if more Hearnes were whirled in more washing-machines, the theatre would be a livelier place; but I can pass that on only as my colleague's personal view. Anyway, he approved very much of the intervals of calm in which we saw the making of Cinderella's coach and ball-gown, and the appearance of the coach itself, with its theatre-minded and decorative ponies. All was as we had hoped; and I have merely to mention in despatches the names of Adele Dixon (principal boy), Julie Andrews (Cinderella), and Max Bygraves (Buttons). The Baroness and the Ugly Sisters capered enough to please Miss Baddeley at her most free and frolic.

It was calm at the Savoy, where the neo-Cinderella comedy of "Down Came a Blackbird" hopped gently along. Calm, that is, until a childlike-and-bland evening ended with cheering and an author's speech after the house-lights had been raised. I do not suppose for half a moment that Peter Blackmore would say he had added remarkably to our dramatic wealth. But he has invented, with charm, a taking fable about an Egyptologist's secretary with a big nose, who learns suddenly the social advantages and disadvantages of plastic surgery. (It is less silly than it sounds.) All pivots on Betty Paul. She bears her task like the resourceful artist she is, and the comedy (though nobody is caught up in a washing-machine) brings its laughs in the right places. Honourable mention to John Loder, Viola Keats, Hazel Penwarden's lovesick maiden, and the Pyramids (non-speaking parts).

So at length to the Italian Marionettes, the Piccoli Theatre (Princes), with its great array of wooden



"HERMIONE BADDELEY STORMS HAMMERSMITH IN A SUITABLY EXUBERANT REVUE": "AT THE LYRIC," AN ITEM ENTITLED "COMPANIONS," IN WHICH HERMIONE BADDELEY PLAYS THE PART OF A TIRESOME, OLD LADY WITH MARJORIE DUNKELS AS HER EMBITTERED COMPANION.

that shiver'd to the tingling stars . . . like a wind that shrills all night in a waste land where no one comes."

When this actress has given to a part all it can take, she seems to give twice as much again. Everything is larger than life. And yet one would not talk glibly of over-acting. It is Miss Baddeley's natural generosity, her exuberance. She cannot help splashing at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair. While she does it, she contorts her expression into



ONE OF THE AMUSING ITEMS FROM THE NEW REVUE "AT THE LYRIC": ERIC BERRY IN "SIAMESE CHAT," BY ALAN MELVILLE AND KENNETH LESLIE-SMITH. THE REVUE IS DEVISED, DIRECTED AND DRESSED BY WILLIAM CHAPPELL, WITH SETTINGS BY VIVIANNE KERNOT.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"13 FOR DINNER" (Duke of York's).—One night was enough for a singularly vapid adaptation from the French. (December 17.)  
 "PODRECCA'S PICCOLI THEATRE" (Princes).—These Italian Marionettes—the little people—are the master-puppets of their time. (December 21.)  
 "DOWN CAME A BLACKBIRD" (Savoy).—Peter Blackmore, who told the story of a mermaid's tail in "Miranda," now tells the story of a nose. It is a serene little Cinderella-comedy set in (of all places) Cairo, and it is acted with spirit and good humour, by Betty Paul especially. (December 22.)  
 "AT THE LYRIC" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Hermione Baddeley storms Hammersmith in a suitably exuberant revue, largely by Alan Melville. (December 23.)  
 "PETER PAN" (Scala).—1954 will bring its fiftieth anniversary; but Barrie's fantastic adventure—now with Pat Kirkwood, Evelyn Laye and Donald Wolfitt—shows no signs of growing up. (December 23.)

actors, its small miracles of lighting—see what can be done with sunset and sunrise in the Andes—its acrobats and butterflies, its Mississippi show-boat, and Thespis and Signor Podrecca alone know what else. This is magical in its fashion: "They are actors, sir, and as good as any, none dispraised, for dumb shows," said Jonson's Lanthorn Leatherhead on a famous occasion; and we must transfer his praise to Vittorio Podrecca and the Theatre of the Little Ones, in their passages of both storm and calm.



# THE EGYPTIAN PALACE STAMP SALE: GREAT RARITIES IN THE COLLECTION.



X.G.750

CANADA; AIR STAMP, 1942-43. 6C. ONE OF THE LARGE DIE PROOFS OF THE ISSUE TO PUBLICISE CANADA'S WAR EFFORT. FROM THE COLLECTION OF PRESIDENT F. D. ROOSEVELT.



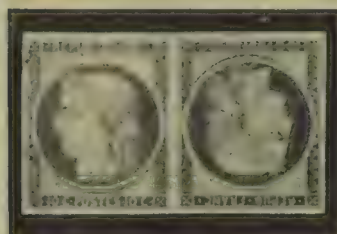
EGYPT, 1867 ISSUE. ESSAYS BY PENASSON IN RED, 10 PAR. 2 PIAS (2) AND 1 PIAS. IN A BLOCK OF THE FOUR DIFFERENT DESIGNS, WITH MARGINS. A RARE ITEM FROM THE PALACE COLLECTIONS OF EGYPT.



EGYPT. A 20-CENTIME STAMP ISSUED BY THE SUEZ CANAL COMPANY IN 1868. THE STAMPS WERE WITHDRAWN BEFORE THE CANAL WAS OPENED.



EGYPT. ESSAY C. 1895. AN UN-ADOPTED STAMP DESIGN, "NILE FÊTE," PICTURING CLEOPATRA ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE. IN BLACK ON GLAZED CARD.



FRANCE. 1849-52. 10-CENTIME, BISTRE, UNUSED HORIZONTAL TÊTE-BÊCHE PAIR. THESE ARE VERY FINE. THE SALE OF THE STAMP COLLECTIONS OF THE PALACE OF EGYPT OPENS ON FEBRUARY 12.



GREAT BRITAIN, 1854. EMBOSSED 6D. A GLORIOUS WELL-EMBOSSED BLOCK OF 12, WITH FULL ORIGINAL GREENISH GUM. A RARE AND BEAUTIFUL PIECE.



(ABOVE.) CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, 1862. 2-CENT GREEN, WITH VERTICAL GUTTER MARGIN. A PART O.G. BLOCK OF 53, WITH ONE CORNER STAMP MISSING.

MAURITIUS, 1848. A 2D. INDIGO-BLUE. A FRESH, UNUSED EXAMPLE OF THIS RARITY, WITH WIDE MARGIN AT RIGHT, GOOD AT OTHER SIDES, VERY FINE.

THE sale by auction of the huge Egyptian Palace collections of postage stamps is due to commence at Koubbeh Palace, Cairo, on Feb. 12, and is to last for six days. This is an event of outstanding interest to philatelists and will draw enthusiasts from all parts of the world to Cairo. The matchless collection of Egypt, by far the biggest in existence, will take four days to disperse; and in addition there are many world rarities, such as the 1851 2-cent. British Guiana, of which only ten exist, as well as classics of Great Britain, Mauritius, France,

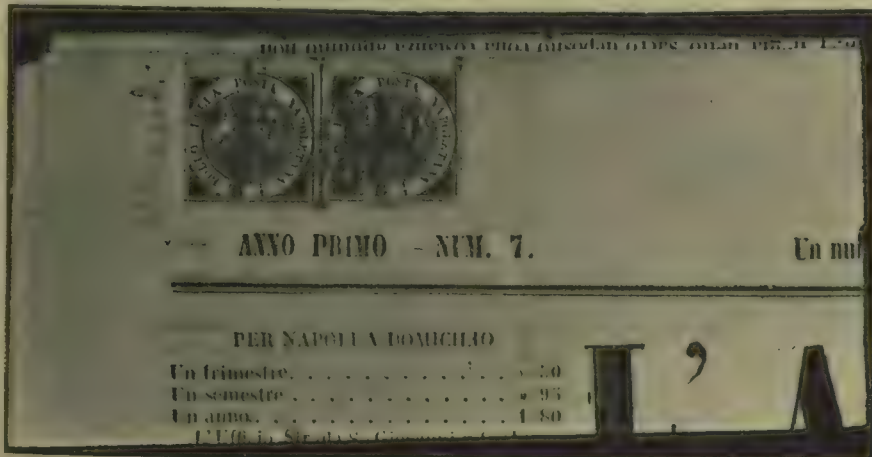
[Continued below.]



RUMANIA, MOLDAVIA. 108 PARALE BLUE ON PINK, A LARGE-MARGINED PAIR AND SINGLE USED TOGETHER ON REGISTERED LETTER AND TIED WITH BLUE "GALATZ 17/9" CANCELLATIONS.



GREAT BRITAIN. OFFICIAL 1840. VR 1D. BLACK; A FINE BLOCK OF FOUR WITH MOST PART ORIGINAL GUM, LARGE MARGINS ALL ROUND AND FROM RIGHT OF SHEET SHOWING PART INSCRIPTION.



ITALY AND STATES. NAPLES, 1860. TRINACRIA 1/2 TORNESE BLUE, A HORIZONTAL PAIR USED ON NEWSPAPER, DATED 9 JAN., 1861. AN ATTRACTIVE PIECE OF GREAT RARITY.

[Continued.] the Italian States and Rumania. Several important collections, notably of Austria, Mexico and the short-lived issues for the Confederate States of America, are to be sold intact. On this page we reproduce a few notable items in the sale which, it should be noted, are not all given in facsimile



EGYPT, 1866. A BLOCK OF 12 USED ON INSURED COVER WITH 10 PAR., 20 PAR., 1 PIAS AND 2 PIAS. CAIRO TO ALEXANDRIA: PMKD "AGOS. 66 I-CAIRO."

size. The catalogue of the Philatelic Collections has now been issued by H. R. Harmer, 41, New Bond Street, who are acting as Professional Advisers (by arrangement with Sotheby's) to the Egyptian Government in connection with this outstandingly important sale.



# "SOCIAL" LIFE OF PENGUINS IN THE REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BIRDS



STONE-COLLECTING FOR THE NEST IN EARLY NOVEMBER: SOME OF THE SITES ARE NOW CLEAR OF SNOW, AND THERE IS MUCH SQUABBLING AND STONE-STEALING.



A PAIR OF PENGUINS AT THEIR NEST. BOTH BIRDS REMAIN AT THE ROOKERY UNTIL THE EGG-LAYING IS COMPLETE. THEY ARRIVE AT DECEPTION ISLAND IN OCTOBER.

# GREAT ROOKERY ON DECEPTION ISLAND: NESTING, AND WITH THEIR CHICKS.



A PAIR OF PENGUINS WITH THE FIRST EGG. THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS VERY CLEARLY THE LITTLE HEAP OF STONES ROUND THE SCRAPE WHICH FORMS THE NEST.



THE PROUD OWNER WITH TWO EGGS, WHICH CONSTITUTE THE NORMAL CLUTCH FOR A PENGUIN. THE CHICKS HATCH OUT DURING THE MONTH OF DECEMBER.



MAKING A VAIN ATTEMPT TO HIDE: TWO PENGUIN CHICKS WITH THE PARENT BIRD. THE YOUNG ONES, COVERED WITH DOWN, ARE SOME THREE OR FOUR WEEKS OLD.

THE penguin (the name given to the flightless sea birds forming the group *Spheniscidae*) is one of the most popular inhabitants of "Zoos." Its plumage inevitably suggests the formal evening attire of civilized Western man, and its upright carriage is a temptation to anthropomorphism. It is, moreover, a playful bird, and its courtship and greeting ceremonies provide a fascinating study. On these pages we reproduce a number of photographs of penguins in their wild state, taken by Captain E. D. Stroud, R.M., in 1952 at Deception Island, when he was serving with the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey. "The majority of the photographs," he writes, "were taken at the enormous Ringed Penguin (*Pygoscelis antarctica*)

(Continued opposite.



STANDING ROUND WITH AN AIR OF "WAITING FOR SOME PENGUIN (*Pygoscelis antarctica*) ROOKERY



THING TO HAPPEN": PENGUINS IN THE HUGE RINGED OF DECEPTION ISLAND IN LATE OCTOBER.

(Continued.) rookery situated near the south-eastern corner of the island. Estimates vary about the number of birds in this rookery, but there are certainly well over 100,000. The Ringed Penguins return to the island during October and leave again after the moult in March or early April. About twelve pairs of Macaroni Penguins (*Eudyptes chrysotus*) nest among these thousands of Ringed Penguins. Gentoo Penguins (*Pygoscelis papua*) visit the island throughout the year and are reputed to breed. A few Adelle Penguins (*Pygoscelis adelle*) visit the island during the antarctic summer, but are not known to breed. Very occasionally an Emperor Penguin (*Apelodytes forsteri*) visits the island. None was seen last year, but one was seen the previous year."



ASKING ITS PARENT FOR FOOD WITH AN URGENT THOUGH RESPECTFUL AIR: A PENGUIN CHICK. IT IS ALMOST FULL-GROWN, BUT STILL HAS DOWN ON THE HEAD AND FLIPPER.



A PICTURE OF COMPLETE MISERY: A PENGUIN AS IT APPEARS DURING THE MOULTING SEASON IN LATE FEBRUARY OR EARLY MARCH.



A PAIR OF MACARONI PENGUINS: SOME TWELVE PAIRS OF THIS SPECIES NEST AT DECEPTION ISLAND ROOKERY AMONG THE THOUSANDS OF RINGED PENGUINS.



DURING THE MOULT; A MACARONI PENGUIN (*EUDYPTES CHRYSOTUS*). THERE ARE OVER 100,000 BIRDS IN THE DECEPTION ISLAND ROOKERY.



A GENTOO PENGUIN (*Pygoscelis papua*). THIS VARIETY VISITS DECEPTION ISLAND THROUGHOUT THE YEAR AND IS REPUTED TO BREED THERE.



AN ADELLE PENGUIN (*Pygoscelis adelle*). A FEW OF THIS SPECIES VISIT DECEPTION ISLAND DURING THE ANTARCTIC SUMMER, BUT ARE NOT KNOWN TO BREED.



A PENGUIN FREAK. THIS BIRD SELECTED A SCRAPE BUT DID NOT SEEM TO HAVE A MATE. IT WAS SEEN TWICE DURING NOVEMBER, BUT NOT ON A LATER VISIT.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### UNKNOWN ANIMAL ARCHITECT.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IN September last, a message came from my neighbour, Mr. Leslie Seth-Smith, that he had something to interest me if I chose to call. It was after dark before I could make the visit and, in his garden, in the light of an electric torch, he showed me what looked like a small "cairn" built over a mouse-hole. The story behind this was as follows. Mr. Seth-Smith had that morning noticed a mouse-hole in a herbaceous border under his study window. It was quite ordinary, except that the entrance opened into a vertical shaft 1½ ins. in diameter. In the early afternoon there was a slight shower, and when Mr. Seth-Smith looked at the hole in the late afternoon, it had been roofed over with pebbles of various sizes, leaving an entrance to one side. The photograph, taken subsequently by Mr. David Seth-Smith, shows more clearly than could a verbal description the appearance of this roof. A few words of explanation can, however, be used to emphasise the more outstanding items in its structure. The first is that two of the larger pebbles had been placed where they gave maximum support to the smaller pebbles. In other words, they formed key-stones. In addition to pebbles, some small sticks had been used, including one piece which was hidden and only subsequently exposed. This proved to be about 3 ins. long by some ½ in. in diameter, and was laid across the hole to one side. On the other side was a much finer stick in a corresponding position.

We set out to determine the identity of the maker of this unusual structure. A close search of the soft earth around it showed no sign of footprints or of the pebbles having been dragged (the largest pebble weighed ½ oz., and the mouse weighs ¼ oz.). Nor did a dusting, later, of white powder over the earth produce any clue. We came to the conclusion, incidentally, that whatever was using the hole must approach it under cover of a low clump of *Dianthus* adjacent to it. Yet even this is doubtful, as subsequent events showed. In the meantime, a live trap was baited and set, with its opening a few inches from and facing the entrance to the "cairn." For some days nothing was seen, nor did anything enter the trap, and these days were used to make enquiries of anyone likely to offer a clue, including several zoologist colleagues experienced in the habits of small mammals. The inevitable question from each in turn was whether there were any small boys in the house. The possibility of the "cairn" having been made by human hands can, however, be dismissed. Equally, each one questioned in turn admitted to having no suggestion to offer, although there was a consensus of opinion in favour of suspecting a species of mouse or vole; and all the circumstances supported this.

The result of the live-trapping was that six wood-mice were caught at long intervals, the majority within 6 ins. of the entrance to the "cairn." I took one of these home to place in a vivarium, 2½ by 1 by 1 ft., in the hope that it might prove to be the master-builder, and that it would, given suitable materials, repeat its performance. This one captive escaped during the night, however. The vivarium was closed above by two sheets of glass which met over its centre, and a chink was left between them for ventilation. In the morning the two pieces had been forced apart and the mouse was gone. Each piece of glass weighed nearly 10 ozs. The other mice captured gave



BUILT BY AN UNKNOWN ANIMAL ARCHITECT: A "CAIRN" OF SMALL PEBBLES ROOFING OVER THE ENTRANCE TO A BURROW OF PRESUMABLY A SMALL MAMMAL, POSSIBLY A WOOD-MOUSE.

The entrance to the burrow was regularly circular and 1½ ins. in diameter. The entrance through the "cairn" was 1½ in. by ½ in. The diameter of the pole seen in the photograph to the left is 2 ins.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.



POSSIBLY THE ARCHITECTS OF THE "CAIRN" DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED ON THIS PAGE: WOOD-MICE OR LONG-TAILED FIELD-MICE AT PLAY.

These mice frequently progress by long, bounding hops somewhat in the manner of a kangaroo. In captivity their play consists largely of a form of boxing, in which the forelegs are moved with great rapidity. This tendency to use the forelegs for purposes other than locomotion could give an advantage in building operations.

From the drawing by Jane Burton.

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negative results. The captures referred to took place over a period of several weeks, so it would appear that, assuming wood-mice to be the occupants, the vertical tunnel was in constant use throughout that time. The "cairn" did not last so long. A fortnight or so later part of it had fallen in, and one of the larger stones was blocking the original tunnel, and a branch tunnel was then seen to be running obliquely down, although whether this had been there all the time is not known. Certainly there were no signs of freshly excavated earth round its entrance, yet this side tunnel had not been previously noted. Within a few days of the collapse, it was noticed one morning that all the stones had been distributed over the surface of the ground over a radius of some 2 ft. from the original entrance, and all that remained was the 3 by ½-in. stick already noted. This still lay across the mouth of the hole, slightly to one side. Some days later this also was moved, and in such a way that, so it would seem, it must have been carried.

Nothing more has happened to give any further clue to the identity of the builders. No more mice have been caught, no further building has taken place, and nothing has transpired to prove or disprove that the "cairn" was the work of a wood-mouse (or wood-mice), except that a light covering of earth thrown

over the entrance to the burrow soon after the sixth mouse was caught remained undisturbed. I have looked elsewhere for the openings to tunnels made by small mammals whenever the opportunity occurred, in the hope of seeing something comparable, but these usually start in the side of a bank, or the side of a slight eminence, with the tunnel running in more or less horizontally, or taking a gentle slope down. The peculiar circumstances causing the vertical tunnel may have been that it ran down to a nest underneath a block of concrete in which the pole, seen in the photograph, was bedded. This block of concrete was one of the reasons why an excavation was not attempted.

The only other evidence to guide us is contained in Millais' "Mammals of Great Britain and Ireland" (p. 192): "I have often seen a deserted blackbird's nest . . . roofed over with moss, either carried up or taken from the outside of the nest itself [by wood-mice]." Unfortunately, no details are given of the manner of construction. It seems possible to say, at the very least, that the maker (or makers) of the "cairn" has something in common with a certain rat whose ability to open a treadle trap was closely observed by Harry V. Thompson. He comments in "The British Journal of

Animal Behaviour" that it was "either the immediate application of a lesson previously learned or an act of pure insight, based upon an appreciation of the mechanism of the trap." Whatever built the "cairn" had something more than an appreciation of mechanical devices. Anyone wishing to assess this could do worse than try building a similar hollow dome.

This account belongs to the category of incomplete observations. The identity of the maker of the "cairn" is still in doubt and will be until, under very similar circumstances, another is seen in the act of being built. The trail seems to lead to the wood-mouse or long-tailed field-mouse, but that is all we can say.



THE BROAD WALK WITHOUT ITS ELMS, MODERN INNOVATIONS, AND A NOBLE MONASTIC STRUCTURE.



AN ITALIAN CAR OF UNUSUAL DESIGN: THE ISETTA AUTO-SCOOTER, WHICH IT IS CLAIMED HAS A SPEED OF 53 M.P.H. AND A PETROL CONSUMPTION OF 93 M.P.G. THE ENGINE IS AT THE BACK (SEE LEFT-HAND PHOTOGRAPH) AND THE STEERING-WHEEL FOLLOWS THE ONE DOOR AS IT OPENS (RIGHT-HAND PHOTOGRAPH) TO ALLOW EASY ACCESS.



THE FELLING OF THE ELM-TREES IN BROAD WALK, KENSINGTON GARDENS: THE SCENE LOOKING NORTH, SHOWING THE NUMBER OF DISEASED TREES WHICH HAVE BEEN CUT DOWN. The removal of dangerous elm-trees from the Broad Walk, Kensington Gardens, undertaken in the interest of public safety by the Ministry of Works, has roused comment. Dr. Bryant deplored it in his article in our issue of January 2, and there have been letters to *The Times*. Sir David Eccles told the House in December that it was "a melancholy operation" and wished it could be postponed. It is proposed to replace the elms with an inner line of scarlet oak and an outer line of common beech with the light shaded variety of copper beech at the ends of the rows.



"UNEXCELLED BY ANY MONASTIC REMAINS IN THE COUNTRY": THE GATEHOUSE OF THE HISTORIC PRIORY OF ST. OSYTH'S, COLCHESTER, WHICH HAS BEEN PURCHASED BY MR. SOMERSET DE CHAIR.

Mr. Somerset de Chair, whose seat in Cornwall, Trerice Manor, was recently acquired by the National Trust, has bought the Osyth Priory Estate on the estuary of the River Colne near Colchester. One of its chief features is the great flint and ashlar gatehouse with spirited carvings of St. Michael and the Dragon flanking the entrance, which dates from 1475.



WINE FROM A TAP IN A BEDROOM: A GUEST AT A DIJON HOTEL POURING A DRINK FOR HER HUSBAND.

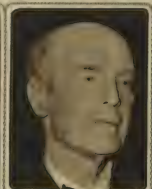
A hotel in Dijon has installed in some bedrooms taps running with red and white wine, which may be drawn without extra charge. The proprietor states that it provides the Burgundian equivalent to the American hotel iced-water drinking taps.



## PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC



**CREATED A BARON:**  
**THE EARL OF DROGHEDA.**  
The Earl of Drogheda, Chairman of Committees and a Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords. He is an Irish Representative Peer, who now receives a United Kingdom barony.



**DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. EDWARD MAUFE.**  
Mr. Edward Maufe, the well-known architect, is created a Knight Bachelor for his services to the Imperial War Graves Commission.



**DESIGNATED A K.B.E.:**  
**MR. L. P. LORD.**  
Mr. Leonard Percy Lord, who is designated a K.B.E., is chairman and managing director, British Motor Corporation, Ltd., and formerly of the Austin Motor Co., Ltd.



**CREATED A BARON:**  
**MR. LESLIE HORE-BELISHA.**  
Mr. Hore-Belisha was Minister of Transport, 1934-37, Secretary of State for War, 1937-40; a Member of the War Cabinet, 1939-43; and Minister of National Insurance, 1945.



**CREATED A BARON:**  
**SIR WILLIAM STRANG.**  
Sir William Strang was Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office for nearly five years, from February 1949 until his retirement on November 12, last year.



**CREATED A BARON:**  
**MR. RICHARD K. LAW.**  
Mr. Richard Law, son of the late Mr. Bosan Law, has been Conservative M.P. for the Hallow-price Division of Kingston-on-Hull since 1950; he was Minister of Education, 1945.



**CREATED A BARONET:**  
**LT.-COL. G. BRAITHWAITE.**  
Lt.-Col. G. Braithwaite has been Conservative M.P. for North-West United since 1950 and was Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Transport, and Civil Aviation, 1951-53.



**DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. G. C. G. FABER.**  
Mr. Geoffrey East Faber is chairman of Faber and Faber, Ltd., the publishers. He is a Fellow and former Bursar of All Souls.



**DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. J. B. ELLIOT.**  
Mr. John Blunden Elliott, is now chairman of the London Transport Executive. He was formerly chairman of the Railway Executive.



**DESIGNATED A G.B.E.: MRS. ROBERT GORDON MENZIES.**  
Mrs. Robert Gordon Menzies, wife of the Prime Minister of Australia, is designated a G.B.E. in the New Year Honours, for public services to the Commonwealth of Australia.



**AUSTRALIA RETAINS THE DAVIS CUP: FOUR OF THE**  
**L. TO R. K. ROSEWALL AND L. ROAD (AUSTRALIA)**  
Australia won the Davis Cup for the fourth successive year in Melbourne on December 31, when K. Rosewall, the nineteen-year-old Australian champion, gained a brilliant victory in the final match over V. Seixas, the American holder of the Wimbledon title, 1950, by 2-6, 6-3, 2-6, 6-3, thus setting the United States by 3 matches to 2. Previously the Americans had led by



**THE NEW LORD AND LADY NORWICH: THE HON. J. J. COOPER AND HIS WIFE ON THEIR WEDDING DAY IN 1952.**  
The new Viscount is the late Lord Norwich's only son, the Hon. John Julius Cooper, who married in August 1952 Miss Anne Clifford, daughter of Sir Bide and Lady Clifford. Viscount Norwich is a member of H.M. Foreign Service, which he entered in 1952.



**MARRIED ON DECEMBER 29 AT BROU, NEAR CHARTRES: ARCHDUKE ROBERT OF HABSBURG AND PRINCESS MARGHERITA OF SAVOY-AOSTA.**  
Archduke Robert of Habsburg and Princess Margherita of Savoy-Aosta were married on December 29 at the Church of St. Nicholas at Tulle, France, near Chartres, by the Bishop of Blois. Our picture shows the couple signing the register after the civil ceremony at Bourges-Bretas the day before.



**DIED ON DECEMBER 27: MR. SUKRU SARACOGLU.**  
Mr. Sukru Saracoglu, who has died in Istanbul at the age of thirty-five, was Prime Minister of Turkey from 1942 to 1946. He was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs after Kemal Ataturk's death in 1938 and he did much to build up the friendship which resulted in the mutual assistance pact between Turkey, Britain and France signed in 1939.



**SENTENCED TO THREE YEARS' SOLITARY CONFINEMENT: DR. MUSADDIQ, FORMER PRIME MINISTER OF PERSIA.**  
On December 21, the Military Tribunal, which had been trying Dr. Musaddiq since November 8 on charges of treason, found him guilty and he was sentenced to three years' solitary confinement. After the verdict Dr. Musaddiq mocked the court by saying: "I thank you for sentencing me. The sentence has increased my historic glory."



**DIED ON DECEMBER 25: LORD MORRISON OF TOTENHAM.**  
Lord Morrison of Tottenham, who was seventy-two, was Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Works from 1948 until 1951. He was Labour and Co-operative Member of Parliament for North Tottenham from 1922 to 1931 and 1935 to 1946, and was Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald from 1939 until 1941. He was a Lord-in-Waiting from 1947-1948.

## EYE, AND SOME RECIPIENTS OF THE NEW YEAR HONOURS.



**CREATED A VISCOUNT:**  
**LORD LEATHERS.**  
Lord Leathers who receives the only new vacancy, was Secretary of State for the Coordination of Transport Fuel and Power, 1951-53; and Minister of War Transport, 1941-45.



**CREATED A BARON:**  
**SIR STANLEY HOLMES.**  
Sir Stanley Holmes, who is created a Baron for political and public services, has been M.P. (National Liberal and Conservative) for Harwich since 1935.



**DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. C. G. G. HAYMAN.**  
Mr. Cecil G. G. Hayman, who has been created a Knight Bachelor, is director and chairman of the Management Committee, Distillers Company, Ltd.



**DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. DONALD F. ANDERSON.**  
Mr. D. F. Anderson is chairman of the Shipping Federation and president of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom.



**DESIGNATED A K.B.E.:**  
**MR. JACOB EPSTEIN.**  
Mr. Jacob Epstein, the well-known sculptor, whose work has often given rise to controversy, has been designated a Knight Commander of the British Empire.



**APPOINTED A COMPANION OF HONOUR: MR. JOHN CHRISTIE.**  
Mr. John Christie founded the Gladstone Opera in the garden of his Sussex house, and has made it a recognized home of international opera.



**PLAYERS WHO TOOK PART IN THE CHALLENGE ROUND--**  
**AND T. TRARERT AND V. SEIXAS (U.S.A.).**  
2 matches to 1 when Trarert beat Rosewall 6-3, 6-4, 6-4, and Seixas and Trarert beat Rosewall 6-4, 6-2, 6-3. Head then put Australia level by beating Trarert in a dramatic five-set struggle (13-11, 6-3, 2-6, 3-6, 7-5), one of the greatest single matches in Davis Cup history.



**DESIGNATED A G.B.E.:**  
**COUNTESS ALEXANDER OF TUNIS.**  
Lady Alexander, wife of Earl Alexander of Tunis, the Minister of Defence, is made a Dame Grand Cross of the British Empire for public services.



**APPOINTED A PRIVY COUNCILLOR: MR. K. J. HOLYOAKE.**  
Mr. K. J. Holyoake has been Deputy Prime Minister of New Zealand and the Minister of Agriculture and Marketing since 1949.



**DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. GEORGE ROBEY.**  
Mr. George Robey, the well-known and well-loved actor, who is now eighty-four, has been called the "Prime Minister of Mirth" for sixty years.



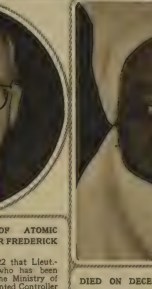
**CREATED A BARONET:**  
**BRIGADIER H. B. MACKENZIE.**  
Brigadier Mackenzie, who is created a Baronet, has been Conservative M.P. for Folkestone and Hythe since 1950 and was Secretary for Overseas Trade from 1952 to 1953.



**THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND HIS WIFE: M. AND MME. RENÉ COTY.**  
On December 23, in the thirteenth ballot held by the Congress of Parliament at Versailles, M. René Coty secured by a comfortable margin the absolute majority required to be elected President of the Republic. Since 1948 M. Coty has been Vice-President of the Upper House, the Council of the Republic, and President of the Parliamentary Federalist Group. Elected a Deputy for Le Havre in 1928, he has sat continuously since then.



**APPOINTED CONTROLLER OF ATOMIC WEAPONS: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MORGAN.**  
It was announced on December 22 that Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Morgan, who has been Controller of Atomic Energy in the Ministry of Supply since 1951, has been appointed Controller of Atomic Weapons. Lieut.-General Morgan was present at Britain's first atomic explosion at the Monte Belio Islands in October, 1952.



**DIED ON DECEMBER 25: THE EMIR OF KANO.**  
Alhai Abdullah Beye, who succeeded as Emir of Kano—one of the Muslim provinces of Northern Nigeria—in 1927, and visited London in 1938, the first of his house to do so, bringing with him his eldest son, who has been elected the new Emir. On that occasion he was received by King George V. and awarded the Honorary C.B.E.



**AFTER PRESENTING HIS CREDENTIALS IN TEHRAN: MR. DENIS WRIGHT, CHARGE D'AFFAIRES.**  
Mr. Denis Wright, British Charge d'Affaires, who arrived in Tehran on December 21, presented his letters of credence to the Persian Foreign Minister, Mr. Abdollah Entezam, on December 23, thus marking the resumption of diplomatic relations with Persia. Our picture shows Mr. Wright and the Persian Foreign Minister after the ceremony, which was described as friendly. No mention of the oil problem was made.



**NEW TOWN CLERK OF THE CITY OF LONDON: MRS. E. NICHOLS.**  
Mr. Edward H. Nichols, who was elected on October 22 as the new Town Clerk of the City of London in succession to Sir Anthony Poulton, took up his duties on January 1. Mr. Nichols is a solicitor and was formerly Town Clerk and Clerk of the Peace of Dorset. During World War II he was a Lieut.-Colonel in the Royal Artillery.



**TO BE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR MALAYA: SIR DONALD MACGILLIVRAY.**  
Sir Donald MacGillivray, whose appointment as High Commissioner for the Federation of Malaya to succeed General Sir Gerald Templer was announced on December 20, was Colonial Secretary, Jamaica, from 1947 to 1952, and is at present Deputy High Commissioner, Malaya. He was Administrative Officer, Tanganyika Territory, 1929-1930, and Palestine, 1939-1944.



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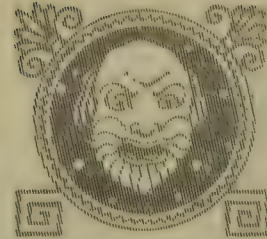




# THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

## CHEERFULNESS TRIES TO BREAK IN.

By PETER FORSTER.



THE appearance of a new British comedian is a little like that of a new British heavyweight boxer: a phenomenon to be hailed with cautious enthusiasm, yet heartwarming in the sense that one knows that superior odds will be faced gamely, whether they take the form of a foreign fist or a British script-writer's story. Certainly our funny films have proved the graveyard of higher comic talents than Mr. Norman Wisdom's (the screen fiasco of the incomparable, ever-missed Sid Field still looms in warning here), and so it is all the more pleasant to report that in his first

an endearing strain of originality. It has something to do with his ears, which for some reason are very funny ears. It has even more to do with his eyes, which light up with a fine lunatic frenzy at the least opportunity. Perhaps that is the essential point: he really seems to enjoy being funny.

Now, I have a theory which I propose one day to develop at positively German length, to the effect that the true comic life of a comedian lasts for only about eight years after his first success. He can genuinely relish his powers for so long, after which it becomes a question of perfected technique, except when there is the stimulus of a special occasion.

By this token, Mr. Wisdom has still some years of inventive life ahead of him; how much technique he will have afterwards, it is hard to guess. But my present impression is that he tends to try too hard. It is not possible to be funny without ceasing, about everything and everybody. At the risk, too, of invoking the still active shade of Chaplin, one suggests that Mr. Wisdom must not overplay his pathos, which is limited. In any case, it is a misleading school of thought nowadays which likes to think that the business of a clown is with tears rather than laughter.

I have neglected to say much about "Trouble in Store" for the simple reason that there is not much to say; at least, I do not propose to set down the details of a plot concerning the adventures of one Norman, a clerk in a huge department store, and how he finally foils the crooks and wins the girl he loves. It is not, you may agree, a plot startling in its originality. But it is an unusually well-concocted film, and Mr. Wisdom has been most fortunate in his director and script-writers (John Paddy Carstairs, Maurice Cowan, Ted Willis) who have exploited his abilities most skilfully. The basic recipe is slapstick and a mixture of naïveté with rough satire which in atmosphere recalls the old days of Will Hay comedies, and a great deal of it is extremely funny. Mr. Wisdom dressing a shop window and turning the task into a parody of all precious window-dressers, or unconcernedly shooting a dollop of ice-cream into a dignified lady's corsage at a banquet, or refusing to swallow a knock-out tablet given him by a crook—these are delicious moments which stay in the memory, and I may add that if the above analysis appears to take

the comic art a trifle seriously, that should be taken as a measure of Mr. Wisdom's high promise for the future.

Another film designed to enliven the festive season, "Our Girl Friday," has come under some withering critical fire, but impenitently I find myself remembering it with mild yet undeniable pleasure. No doubt the colour and the locale have something to do with it—I for one still take a simple pleasure in the cinema's power to transport an audience to realms of gold far from Leicester Square. Thus, to exchange a grey winter's afternoon for two hours in high summer on Majorca is an experience which might excuse a worse story than this.

And, in fact, it is an ancient and well-tried story: the one about shipwreck on a desert island. Two



"THIS FILM MAKES IT CLEAR THAT NORMAN WISDOM HAS A QUALITY OF HIS OWN WHICH OWES NOTHING TO ANYBODY'S INFLUENCE": "TROUBLE IN STORE"—A SCENE FROM THE FILM WHICH WAS GENERALLY RELEASED ON DECEMBER 27, SHOWING NORMAN (NORMAN WISDOM) OFFERING TO HELP MISS BACON (MARGARET RUTHERFORD) WITH HER CASES, LITTLE REALISING THAT THE LADY IS A KLEPTOMANIAC WHO HAS STOLEN THE CASES AND FILLED THEM WITH LOOT.

film, "Trouble in Store," Mr. Wisdom has achieved a distinct and decided success.

He is a relative newcomer. A few years ago his name was unknown, and his present fame owes more to television than music-hall experience. On his London debut five years back, I remember venturing to advise him to develop a comic style of his own; whether or not he happened upon what I wrote, he certainly did anything but heed the advice, and proceeded to model himself so closely upon Charlie Chaplin that he has only himself to blame if by now he is weary of that particular comparison.

Yet this film makes it clear that Norman Wisdom has a quality of his own which owes nothing to anybody's influence. He belongs naturally to the long line of "motherable" comedians—those ageless elves and big boys lost, who from Little Tich to Bobby Howes have brought out the maternal instinct that seems to lurk in the most unlikely hearts. (Conversely, in this connection, I remember a lady I once heard at a party, looking across at her son, whose appeal was of Mr. Wisdom's nature, and murmuring to herself: "I wonder why he brings out the mother in every woman but me?") Mr. Wisdom's comedy is that of wistfulness and impish waggery, of the naughty child whom every spinster longs to dandle on her knee, rather than of the rough, broad, man-to-man joker who provides the other strain in the glorious breed of English low comedians.

Physically he is a little fellow, looking like a cross between a jockey and a Bisto Kid. His clothes are carefully made not to fit; he wears a comic little cloth cap meticulously askew; his voice is nearer to a croak than human speech. But for all these rather ordinary "gimmicks" (to use the word of the moment) he has



"THE BASIC RECIPE IS SLAPSTICK AND A MIXTURE OF NAÏVETÉ WITH ROUGH SATIRE . . . AND A GREAT DEAL OF IT IS EXTREMELY FUNNY": "TROUBLE IN STORE" (J. ARTHUR RANK), SHOWING A SCENE FROM NORMAN WISDOM'S FIRST FILM, IN WHICH HE IS CHASED BY CROOKS IN BURRIDGES' DEPARTMENT STORE, AND WITH SALLY (LANA MORRIS) EVADES CAPTURE BY REMAINING STILL AMONG SOME MODELS.

young men—a priggish journalist, who naturally bears no resemblance to any journalist I have ever met (George Cole), and an irresponsible, drunken Irish stoker (Kenneth More)—find themselves cast ashore on a delicious Mediterranean atoll in company with a snobbish and sententious but extremely attractive young woman (Joan Collins). And by a happy stroke of what might be termed type-castaway, the party is made into a quartet by the arrival of a bald-headed Professor with horn-rimmed glasses, the manner of an unfrocked monk, and a habit in moments of stress of crying: "Oh Calamity!" It is—it could only be—Mr. Robertson Hare.

The domestic possibilities of this situation are clearly finite, but the screenplay is by Noel Langley, who is an old hand at this sort of gently indelicate comedy, and the variations on a single theme are decked out with some wit and a good deal of perfectly acceptable facetiousness and high spirits. Despite an improbable Irish accent, Mr. More is given a further chance to exploit that quality which is one of our most popular younger film actors—I mean, his quality of attack. And Mr. Cole does very nicely in his quieter way. Miss Collins is given the poorest lines to speak, but has quite the most attractive lines to display; and Mr. Hare, though forced now and then a little too far into the regions of non-comic grotesqueness, has some characteristic and splendid moments. Only he would insist on facing shipwreck with a correctly furled umbrella!

And over and again, when the story flagged, the old triple spell of sun, sea and sand asserted itself. As so often with this kind of film, I wondered how the film-makers had come across delightful coigns that eluded me during my own visit to Majorca two years ago; and I came away congratulating Mr. Langley and company on their weather, for during my stay the plenitude was, alas, mainly of sea and sand!



"IMPENITENTLY I FIND MYSELF REMEMBERING IT WITH MILD YET UNDENIABLE PLEASURE": "OUR GIRL FRIDAY" (RENOWN PICTURES), SHOWING (L. TO R.) PROFESSOR GIBBLE (ROBERTSON HARE), SADIE (JOAN COLLINS) AND PAT PLUNKETT (KENNETH MORE) IN A SCENE FROM THE FILM, MADE ALMOST ENTIRELY IN MAJORCA, IN WHICH PAT IS MAKING A FISH-HOOK OUT OF SADIE'S HAIRGRIP, WHILE PROFESSOR GIBBLE LOOKS ON.



"PANTO" IN THE GRAND STYLE:  
AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM.

VAL PARNELL'S "CINDERELLA":  
SPECTACLE, HUMOUR AND CHARM.



A SPECTACULAR MOMENT IN THE PANTOMIME AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM: CINDERELLA (JULIE ANDREWS) IN HER SPLENDID ATTIRE SETS OUT FOR THE PRINCE'S BALL IN HER FAIRY COACH DRAWN BY SIR GARRARD TYRWHITT DRAKE'S PONIES, AND (INSET) RICHARD HEARNE AS BARON PASTRY.



PRINCE CHARMING AND HIS FORESTERS: ADELE DIXON AS THE PRINCIPAL BOY IN "CINDERELLA" AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM, THE ONLY "PANTO" IN THE GRAND CLASSIC MANNER IN THE WEST END OF LONDON THIS SEASON.



AS THE POOR, PRETTY DRUDGE OF STONEYBROKE HALL: CINDERELLA (JULIE ANDREWS) BEFORE THE FAIRY GODMOTHER'S VISIT.



THE LOVELY UNKNOWN ARRIVES AT THE ROYAL BALL AND CREATES A SENSATION: CINDERELLA (JULIE ANDREWS) GREETED BY PRINCE CHARMING (ADELE DIXON).



HOLDING THE GLITTERING GLASS SLIPPER WHICH ONLY THE LOVELY UNKNOWN'S FOOT WILL FIT: ADELE DIXON AS PRINCE CHARMING.



A CLASSIC PERSONAGE OF PANTOMIME, BORROWED FROM THE ITALIAN COMEDY: WILLIAM BARRETT AS HARLEQUIN GIVING HIS TRADITIONAL DANCE.



CLOWN, PANTALON AND MOUSTACHIOED POLICEMAN: THE MEMBERS OF THE CASAVECCHIA TROUPE AS THEY APPEAR IN THE HARLEQUINADE.



THE UGLY SISTERS: DANDELION (JON PERTWEE; LEFT) AND BUTTERCUP (TONY SYMPSON; RIGHT), DAUGHTERS OF THE BARONESS PASTRY.

"Cinderella," the Christmas pantomime presented by Val Parnell at the London Palladium, is "Panto" in the classic grand manner, indeed it is the only example of that essentially British form of holiday entertainment in its traditional form to be found in the West End of London this season. There are spectacular scenes of great beauty, a highly decorative Principal Boy and Girl in Adele Dixon and Julie Andrews, a Harlequinade with the Casavecchia Troupe as Clown, Pantaloon and Policeman, and Edna Busse and William Barrett as Columbine and Harlequin.

Richard Hearne plays Baron Pastry of Stoneybroke Hall; and since modern gadgets are pressed into service in classic "panto," provides some particularly rich fun when he is accidentally shut up in an electric washing-machine. The Ugly Sisters are admirably ludicrous; Ted and George Durante play the Broker's Men; and Cinderella is drawn very grandly to the ball by Sir Garrard Tyrwhitt Drake's enchanting ponies. The dances include Kirby's Flying Ballet, with Brenda Averty as the Dragonfly Spinner.



## A TANK WHICH CARRIES ITS OWN BRIDGE.



DEVELOPED BY U.S. ARMY ENGINEERS FOR BRIDGE-LAYING UNDER ENEMY FIRE: A SCISSORS-TYPE PREFABRICATED BRIDGE IS CARRIED FORWARD BY A TURRETLESS TANK.



WHEN THE LAYING-POINT IS REACHED, THE FOOT OF THE SCISSORS-BRIDGE IS SET DOWN AND THE BRIDGE ITSELF HYDRAULICALLY EXPANDED FORWARD.



THE SCISSORS-BRIDGE IS NOW IN POSITION AND THE ARMoured CARRIER DETACHES ITSELF AND EITHER MOVES AWAY OR ADVANCES OVER THE NEW BRIDGE.

These three photographs illustrate a bridge-laying technique developed by U.S. Army Engineers at their Research Laboratories at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. The scissor-type bridge unit is made of aluminium and designed to carry loads of up to 60 tons. It is carried by a turretless tank, which also operates it by means of a hydraulic mechanism. When this tank reaches a stream or gap, the bridge is swung forward on to its foot (as shown in the middle photograph) and thence expanded, by the same hydraulic means, until it lies level across the barrier. The tank then detaches itself and can move forward over the bridge it has carried, followed, presumably, by other armoured units.

## A BALLET PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.

An exhibition of theatrical, ballet and journalistic photography by the young British photographer Roger Wood is to be opened on January 12 by the Countess of Harewood at the Kodak Galleries at 184, Regent Street, and will remain open to the public until January 31. The exhibition is called "The First Six Years," a title which records the fact that Mr. Wood has been working six years as a professional photographer. Although he specialises in ballet photography, his scope includes many other subjects; and during the same dates in January an exhibition of his commercial, industrial, and advertising photography will also be open to the public at his studio at 18, Garway Road, Westbourne Grove, W.2. Mr. Wood is thirty-three and is the son of the late Sir Edgar Wood, of Ripon, Yorkshire. In 1951 he was made a Fellow of the Institute of British Photographers and a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society.



ADAGIO DANCERS IN ACTION: "THE FOUR HURRICANES," A VARIETY TURN, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A SINGLE FLASH. FROM ROGER WOOD'S PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.



FERNANDEZ, OF THE DANZAS LATINO AMERICA, IN A CHARACTERISTIC SCENE STAGED BY THE FAMOUS SOUTH AMERICAN COMPANY IN LONDON.



THE "FLORESTAN PAS DE DEUX" FROM THE BALLET "THE SLEEPING PRINCESS": ONE OF A NUMBER OF THEATRICAL AND JOURNALISTIC PHOTOGRAPHS CURRENTLY EXHIBITED BY ROGER WOOD, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.





MIDNIGHT REVELRY AT THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL: THE SCENE IN THE ALBERT HALL, LONDON, AS BALLOONS DRIFTED DOWN ON SOME OF THE FIVE THOUSAND MERRYMAKERS WHO GAVE A BOISTEROUS WELCOME TO THE NEW YEAR.

Some 5000 revellers clad in fancy-dress gave 1954 a boisterous welcome at the Chelsea Arts Ball, which was, as always, one of the biggest New Year Eve attractions in London. This year the theme of the Ball—"Fun"—offered wide scope for the ingenuity of the students of London art schools. The main décor was by Mr. John Minton. As the brightly-clad merry-makers danced to music provided by four orchestras, the floor of the Albert Hall resembled a giant

kaleidoscope and the gaiety of the scene was enhanced by a series of cheerful "Mobiles" suspended high above the dancers. As usual, powerful reinforcements were called in at midnight to aid the stewards in their gallant efforts to protect the various tableaux, but their stalwart attempts to withstand the revellers were overcome and the various set-pieces were completely wrecked before the New Year was even half an hour old—several of them before they had been manned.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THERE are grave drawbacks to the first Elizabeth as a heroine of fiction. First, she was real—which is a deadly menace to credulity. This obstacle is of course basic, but there are others too. There is the distance of her age, too near for uninhibited attack, and too remote for confidence. In Tudor England, we understand what people say, but have to guess at their real meaning. And if this applies all round, where are we with a mistress of equivocation, who foxed even her intimates? Yet, after all, we have a strong idea of her—and it is not a lovable idea; not, certainly, to a romantic taste. The right romantic heroine is Mary Stuart, losing her kingdom for a man. Whereas Queen Bess was like the cat in the adage. She was tight-fisted, cautious, and as hard as nails; in fact, a true-born granddaughter of Henry VII., whom nobody has ever glamourised. Also, she was her father's child; and it is easier to make her splendid than to make her winning.

In "Elizabeth and the Prince of Spain," by Margaret Irwin (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.), she is awaiting Mary's shoes, and flirting self-protectively with Mary's husband. No blame to her, of course. She needed Philip on her side; she had to wish Mary would die. It was impossible they should be friends; and Mary's pitiful neurotic hatred of her born supplanter—the fearful cuckoo in the nest—is very strongly drawn. Only one can't help feeling with her, and the bright, wary girl cuts a thin figure in the presence of her sister's agony. Elizabeth might seem exposed; but she could look after herself. And it is here the author, with great judgment, finds her romantic quality. From birth she had been all alone in a precarious world, and she could always look after herself. And she was bound to do it—not for herself alone, but for the English people whom she loved. Because, when time was ripe, she could look after all of them.

This part is thoroughly believable. As for the "love interest," her meetings with the Prince of Spain and his reluctant passion for the heretic, one may suspect it of being overplayed. No doubt he fancied her. He saw she was worth pocketing. Later he asked her hand—but so did everyone in Europe who was free. Perhaps he meant it desperately, or perhaps not. There are a few quotations in support, but the support is frail. Elizabeth said to the French Ambassador: "My enmity and his having commenced with love, you must not think that we could not get on together at any time I choose." That sounds the kind of thing she would say to the French Ambassador. But there are brilliant sketches of Philip as a boy, Philip with Charles V., and Mary's friend Cardinal Pole; and I need hardly add, it is all wonderfully readable.

## OTHER FICTION.

"The Nature of Love," by H. E. Bates (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), appears to show how right was Harry's daughter to keep out of it. In these three tales it is a snare; it is as virulent as the Black Death, and as impersonally cruel.

When Dulcima, the loutish country girl with the bad legs, offers to help at Parker's farm, she has had no experience of love; and for that matter, she has no design. He needs a good clean-up, and she is sorry for him. Then his suspicious meanness and his wads of notes give her a fresh idea. It should be very simple to cash in, and get herself a little beauty. . . . And it is simple—till she is trapped herself, and then she can't wait to get rid of him. What he might do she never thinks. But he has now the poison in his veins; he is as irresponsible as a mad dog.

The second tale has a veneer of luxury and calm. The "grass god" meant it for a summer idyll. His wide domain, his joy in productivity and beauty, and his fastidious disgust of other people make him content in solitude. He feels no pang over his beautiful, abandoned house, for in the old days it was full of servants. But there is now the girl—ripe, easy and luxurious as this astounding summer. Daily they meet in the old house; and when the grass is dead and all the heathlands are on fire, he finds it was only a summer idyll.

Lastly, the scene shifts to Malaya; but the experience is just the same. Always the setting is profuse, the tale elaborately worked; and yet, as usual, I was unenthralled. One can't exactly say that the desideratum is more matter with less art. Rather, it is the central coldness that disturbs; and the last touch in "Dulcima" may strike one as the nemesis of the technique.

"Waiting for Camilla," by Elizabeth Montagu (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), is a first novel, subtle and promising, though too elusive. At Maple Lodge, Miriam Carter is near death. She has been ill for twenty years; in fact, she always has been ill. And all these years, Philip, her husband, has been submerged in keeping her alive—although he never learnt what was the matter with her. She was supposed to have a "dicky heart"; but really she was psychopathic and is now insane. It is a stagnant, an enchanted house, with Julia Cordain, Miriam's indefatigable buffer, as its prop and stay. Philip, long spent yet curiously fresh, gets more inactive all the time. But he has now sent for Camilla. She is his dying wife's sister, and the very opposite of Maple Lodge—never stagnates, never acquires a past, and can be guaranteed to make things happen. But for refinement's sake, nothing is thoroughly explored. The novel is all hints and pieces, but of unusual quality.

"Death and the Sky Above," by Andrew Garve (Collins; 9s. 6d.), contains no "problem" element. Charles Hilary is separated from his raddled, alcoholic wife; he longs to marry Kathryn Forrester, but from pure spite Louise refuses to divorce him. One day he goes to plead with her for the last time. That afternoon she is found strangled; and Charles is condemned to death. But on the day before his execution, the prison catches fire and he escapes. He has a cottage and a small boat on the Medway. With Kathryn's help, he lurks on a deserted island, evades the police search by a miracle, and makes a bolt for France. They are both inland, inexperienced sailors, and they run into a storm. . . . Long before this, I quite forgave the absence of detection. It is a most appealing story, with a great deal of what can only be called charm, yet so much tension that, in spite of knowing it must end happily, I felt inclined to skip the "bad parts."

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## A GREAT PRIME MINISTER.

THE political independence of the great Dominions is bound up with their historical independence, and it is no longer possible to study the history of the British Empire as a kind of appendix to that of Great Britain. That history is best conveyed in biographies of leading Dominions statesmen, such as Mr. Bruce Hutchison's absorbing study of "Mackenzie King" (Longmans; 25s.). Mr. Hutchison is one of those persuasive biographers who do not spare their subject. He opens his book with a summary of King's character which is as intriguing as it is objective: "His reliable colleagues and only real friends were all dead. . . . He wanted the best of two possible worlds. Assuredly he got the best of this one. . . . The half-formed, uncertain nation, like its leader, was yearning for something distant, impalpable and better than itself. . . . King was

a scholar, historian and philosopher of politics. . . . (He) was also a devious party manager who never missed a trick or spared an enemy, a wily caucus manipulator, a simple country squire, an attentive host, an implacable hater and a reckless plunger as the occasion required. . . . Again, with the same sincerity he was the humble Christian, on barefoot pilgrimage. He was also the paramount egoist of his time. Under all this ran a sense of humour too deep for the public to suspect." All this is demonstrated in the following account of King's career. When he took over the leadership of the Canadian Liberal Party from Laurier, in 1919, that Party was in full decline. He remade it, and successfully challenged the Tory leader Meighen. "Power made him sultry and difficult." Though he set himself to become the apotheosis of the common man, he was never popular. The only General Election he ever lost was one which it was fortunate for him that he should lose. It left Bennett and his Party in power during the depression years of 1931-1935. When King became Prime Minister once more, it was a final and unbreakable triumph. He had, of course, his difficult—sometimes his more than difficult—moments. He had become the champion of Canada's real independence as a self-governing Dominion under the Crown, but in world affairs he was short-sighted, relying too much on international security, and misjudging Hitler, with whom he once had a long private conversation, as a "simple kind of peasant." His greatest crisis came during the controversy on conscription in 1944. Having declared himself inflexibly opposed to it, he changed his mind overnight—and got away with it. It is not altogether a pleasant picture that is revealed in this book, yet King's achievement was sound and solid: "Under his management, if not by his hand, the whole society of Canada had been transformed almost beyond recognition, two races had survived their ultimate racial crisis, isolationism had ended, the Commonwealth had grown into a league of independent, sovereign States, and Canada, for the first time, had become truly a nation, the most fortunate in the world." For a man with so many faults of character, it is an astounding record.

If Mackenzie King was lacking in charm, it appears to have been the stock-in-trade of the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby. I had not realised that the rather stern figure upon whose reputation and achievement was founded the whole tradition of the modern public school was so gay and so delightful in his approach to the formidable problems which he resolved. Those problems were indeed formidable. Arnold himself went to Winchester in 1807, and the account of that great school given in Mr. Norman Wymer's "Dr. Arnold of Rugby" (Robert Hale; 21s.) is truly horrifying. It accords very ill with the tradition of somewhat frigid elegance which Winchester has subsequently achieved, but Winchester was by no means the worst of what was, at the turn of the century, a very bad lot. When Arnold became headmaster of Rugby, after having tried out his theories on his preparatory school at Laleham, he announced: "What we look for here is 1st, religious and moral principles; 2ndly, gentlemanly conduct; 3rdly, intellectual ability." He succeeded because of his integrity, his approachability and his charm. When I say that Mr. Wymer's book has the flavour of "Tom Brown," I mean that this is an important, fascinating and convincing study of the great Doctor.

I wonder why E. E. P. Tisdall chose to entitle his biography of Queen Alexandra "Unpredictable Queen" (Stanley Paul; 16s.)? It is a really first-class account of the lady who had such a difficult row to hoe, and I cannot imagine a better, or more objective presentation of the lovely girl who managed to captivate Queen Victoria at a moment when the Queen could think of nothing but her own widowhood. The girl who is said to have turned cartwheels in Marlborough House, and to have flown out with bitter anger at her formidable mother-in-law when Prussia invaded Schleswig-Holstein, was no nonentity, but I cannot understand why she is labelled "unpredictable." Here, again, is a book which presents its heroine objectively, and which conveys the grace and enchantment of a period which now seems so remote.

When I laid down Baroness Agnes de Stoeckl's "When Men Had Time to Love" (John Murray; 21s.), I found myself murmuring (I hope correctly) a quotation from Browning's "A Toccata of Galuppi's": "Dear dead women, with such hair too—What's become of all the gold, Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old." This book, mostly concerned with the Empress Eugénie of France, gives a *chronique* more or less *scandaleuse*, of Paris between the Second Empire and the first Great War. Men, according to the author, had time to love, because they had no other occupation whatsoever. The book, and its heroes and heroines, are as delicate as butterflies, and its colours quite as evanescent.

Brigadier Bruce has written of his ancestor "Lavallette Bruce" (Hamish Hamilton; 21s.), in a well-documented narrative, based largely on correspondence, which brings France of the Restoration well before us. Michael Bruce's nickname was given him for the part he took in the escape from prison of the Comte de Lavallette. Michael Bruce disliked Louis XVIII. ("I fear he is a most consummate Hypocrite"), and suffered (not very extensively) in an excellent cause. A very well-worth-while study.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

## QUEEN'S GAMBIT, MERAN VARIATION.

D. Bronstein.	R. G. Wade.	D. Bronstein.	R. G. Wade.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-QB4	Kt-KB3	6. Q-B2	P×P
2. P-Q4	P-K3	7. B×P	P-QKt4
3. Kt-QB3	P-Q4	8. B-Q3	P-QR3
4. Kt-B3	P-B3	9. P-QR4	
5. P-K3	QKt-Q2		

The manoeuvre introduced by this move proves misguided; the disappearance of both queen's rooks leaves Black's queen finely placed. Better 9. Kt-K4.

9. . . .	B-Kt2	12. Kt-K5	Kt×Kt
10. P×P	RP×P	13. P×Kt	Kt-Q2
11. R×R	Q×R		

13. . . . Kt-Q4 threatening 14. . . . Kt-Kt5 followed by . . . Kt×B might seem better, but White would reply 14. Kt×Kt, and now, as 14. . . . BP×Kt would allow 15. B×Pch, Black must reply 14. . . . KP×Kt, after which his queen's side pawns would be immobilised by (after castling) B-Q2 and P-QKt4.

14. P-B4	P-Kt5	16. P-QKt3	B-Q4
15. Kt-K4	P-QB4	17. Castles	P-B5!!



A brilliant combination based on the circumstance that both White's queen and his white-square bishop are tied down to the defence of his knight, so that Black is able to force a menacing passed pawn on to the sixth rank.

18. P×P	P-Kt6	19. Q-Kt1
	Of course if 19. Q×P? B×Kt.	
19. . . .	B-B3	20. P-KB5

It might seem more natural to precede this by 20. B-Kt2, but then Black would reply 20. . . . Kt-B4, threatening 21. . . . Kt×Kt, or 21. . . . B×Kt or even 21. . . . Kt×B followed by 22. . . . B×Kt.

After 20. B-Kt2, Kt-B4 there would be little relief for White in either 21. Kt×Kt, B×Kt or 21. Kt-Q2, B×P.

20. . . .	Kt×P	22. Kt-Q2
21. P×P	P×P	

With twelve moves yet to be made to the first time-control (thirty-four moves each in two hours), White had at this stage consumed all but three minutes of his time, Black all but eight minutes. The fear of blundering in the frightful scramble about to develop played a large part now in the contestants' agreeing the game a draw without further play—a fine achievement by the still young New Zealander, now settled in England, for his opponent was ranked the world's second-best player two years ago.



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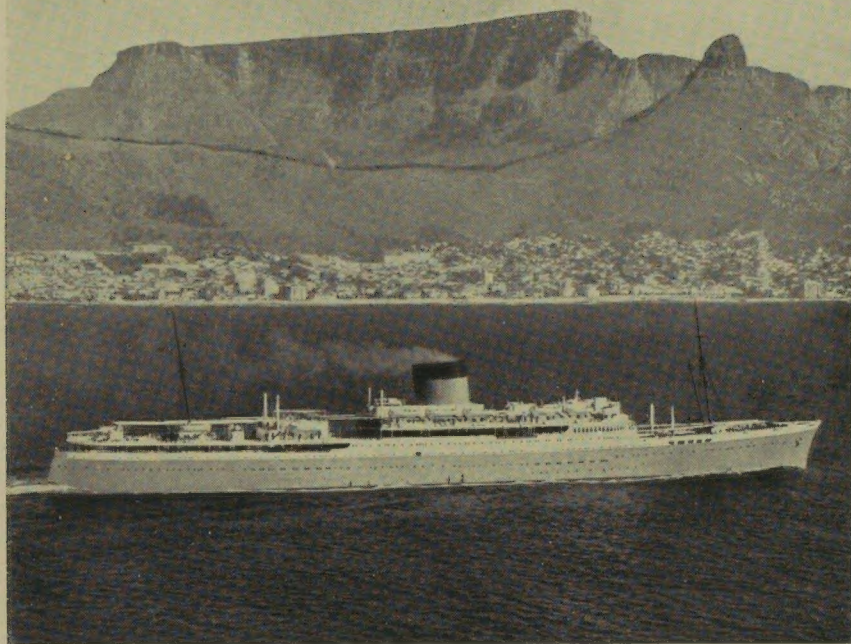
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## SHELLGUIDE to JANUARY lanes

Arranged and painted by Edith and Rowland Hilder



EVEN in January there is much to make a day's drive into the country worth-while, much to bring home for the tall vase on the mantelpiece or the table. The stalks and stems are still abundant. They offer you exciting shapes and exciting shades, of brown, yellow, red, grey and black, even if they are no more than the skeletons of the old year. Stiff teasels (1), sprays of bramble, their dead leaves turned to claret (2), dry stems of Nipplewort (3), the twinkling stars of dead Hogweed (4), the dark rust of docks (5), oak leaves and oak apples (6), the brilliant crinkly leaves which still cling to the beech tree (7), the contrasting scarlet and green of holly (8), and everywhere the decorative trails and the black fruit of the ivy (9, 10), contrasting with the vermillion rose hips (11). If there is snow, it heightens every colour. The glass may be down, the clouds may scrape the hill. But look deep in the hedges, and you find the first green leaves of a new spring daring to uncurl.

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